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out of view that most important of the elements which will determine the future historical estimate of Davis's character, we dare say Mr. Stephens's view of his chief is not very far different from the one which posterity will take. Mr. Stephens, if the correspondent is to be relied upon, could not have been in earnest when he made the famous speech about slavery's being the corner-stone of the Confederacy, for his own mind had been, and it never ceased to be, to fight only if forced to fight, and then to fight not for a new nationality but for such terms of reconstruction as should be more favorable to the South than the provisions of the old Constitution.

MR. BANCROFT has been appointed Minister to Berlin, and has accepted the position. We should think he would be glad to go abroad for a brief period, as he is at present remorselessly pursued by grandsons whose ancestors he has assailed, and who are just a little too much for him. His rough treatment of Mr. Greene deprives him, too, of the sympathies of the public under the terribly severe handling which he in his turn has been receiving from Mr. Schuyler, who is a much fiercer assailant than Mr. Greene, and shows him no mercy. As the historian has only just entered on the Revolution, the prospect before him must be admitted to be troublous, particularly as he will, before long, get down amongst the sons, who are a more powerful and truculent body than the grandsons.

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The Week.

THE Supreme Court disposed of the last political question before it by denying Mr. Sharkey's motion for leave to amend the Mississippi complaint, and dismissing the suit. The court was equally divided upon the motion. We believe it is safe to say that Justices Clifford, Nelson, Wayne, and Field were in favor of granting the leave desired, and the Chief-Judge, with Justices Swayne, Miller, and Davis were opposed to it. Mr. Justice Grier was absent. The probability is that, if he had been present, he would have favored the amendment; and thus the question whether the court can interfere to protect the public property of a State remains undecided.

MR. GREELEY has published his reasons for bailing Jefferson Davis. They are two in number—one, that Davis could not have been convicted in Virginia without packing a jury; the other, that the prisoner's counsel desired Mr. Greeley's name as a bondsman. He denies positively that he "labored with Judge Underwood in the premises," and says that "that upright jurist needs no defence from such an implication." Calling Mr. Underwood a "jurist" we consider an unseemly joke, and think Mr. Greeley ought to have known better than to make it on so solemn an occasion.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS says he always regarded Jefferson Davis as a man of kind heart who meant well in what he did, but was not fit to be the head of a nation in a time like that of the late war. He would listen to no advice and heed no warning; because he wanted to succeed, he thought he must. In his flight from Richmond he seemed to Mr. Stephens like a big fly in a stable whose eyes the boys have put out, and which goes about running its head against everything, bobbing up and down unconscious of where it is going or what it is doing. History will have something to say about slavery and the morality of its defenders which Mr. Stephens, of course, did not say in his conversation with the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, but leaving

THE Washington correspondents have succeeded in enlivening the dulness of their late despatches with Booth's diary, for which they have been half frantic for some time. They got the President's copy; for Mr. Stanton, who had the original and who knew the utter baselessness of General Butler's charges, refused, in pursuance of his well-known policy of never replying to defamation, to give the diary to the press. There is nothing in it of any consequence, though of course nothing connected with Booth's crime can be without interest. The entries begin on the day of the murder, and in parts they read very much as if the criminal expected that it would fall into the hands of his pursuers; and in other places, where he confesses to himself the enormity of his guilt, and almost cries out against his own crime, the book reads as if he had meant it for his own eye alone, or for the eye of a friend, being natural and honest in tone and certainly very touching. He rants, of course, and talks of fame and country and tyrants; but plainly the pangs of remorse were among the miserable man's sufferings through all his wanderings till his wretched death. But two dates are written in this diary, which closes with the 21st of April. The leaves that were torn out of the beginning of the book were lacking, so Colonel Conger says, when it was taken from Booth's body, and there is really no reason for believing that any person in the employ of the United States ever tampered with it. General Butler, if he has any sensitiveness at all, must about this time be feeling more keenly than ever that, in his performances in the Fortieth Congress, he has made rather more of a mess of it than in any other part of his life as a civilian.

THE reaction which has taken place amongst the old Abolitionists in favor of "politics" is something very remarkable. In bygone days they would have nothing to do with political machinery or political processes, and considered or talked of the "ballot and the bullet" as synonymous terms. Everything was to be done by moral suasion. From this faith, however, which had at least the merit of celestial purity, Wendell Phillips fell away when he helped to nominate Fremont for the presidency at the Cleveland Convention, and having once taken up the carnal weapons he wields them like a veteran. He is now as good a politician as can be found, has become "a great

[May 23, 1867]

leader," and has his "organ," *The Anti-Slavery Standard*, which is quoted by all the "secular" papers as the exponent of "a party" which is "doing good work" at Washington, and before which the devils of conservatism shake on their hoofs. Moreover, in order to make his position plain, he advised the working-men in Boston the other day to give up the proud position which they have long held in America, of owing nothing to government and expecting nothing from it but security—a doctrine which is, or ought to be, the corner-stone of democracy, and told them "that there is no channel but politics in which they can get their question [their hours of labor] settled." To crown all, he pooh-poohed "book larnin," as it is called in the South, and informed his hearers that "the best education in the world was that which a man got by struggling to get a living"—a statement which, if true, will enable us to dispense with the cumbrous machinery of schools, colleges, and libraries, as our children are all sure to get a living somehow, and pick up what knowledge they need in the process. This is very much the position which Mr. James Brooks used to take about the poor whites of the South, each of whom had his squirrel rifle, just as the Northern workman has his chisel or his hod, and learned all he needed to know by studying "natur" and listening to speeches at the cross-roads.

THE Hebrew gentlemen who were so offended with the insurance companies in this city a short time ago, because they refused to ensure persons of the Jewish persuasion after having found that the number of Jewish fires in insured premises was much greater in proportion than that of Christian fires, will be grieved to learn that the English insurance companies have had the same sorrowful experience, and are rapidly drifting towards the same intolerant course. A parliamentary enquiry has elicited the unpleasant fact that about 33 per cent. of the fires in London are supposed to be intentionally lighted, and that the defrauding of insurance companies in this way has become a regular business. What is more to the point is that the pioneers in this business, and its prominent supporters, are stated in evidence to be "gangs of foreign Jews," who settle in London for the express purpose of ensuring small houses, having them burned up, and then swearing to whatever is necessary to get the money out of the companies. Now, this being the case, any insurance officer who treated Hebrew insurers as he would treat Christians or Buddhists would be guilty of a gross betrayal of the stockholders. People put their money in insurance companies not for the purpose of illustrating and enforcing the great principles of religious freedom, but for the purpose of making as much money as possible; and the plan for the friends of toleration to adopt is to get the Jewish swindlers and incendiaries who have brought this stigma on their race to give up their bad practices.

In laying the foundation-stone of the Jesuits' College the other day in Cincinnati, Archbishop Purcell, who is a very sensible man usually, violently assailed the Catholic Institute in that city as a disgrace and disappointment to the Church, owing to its having been used for the representation of "frivolous and obscene plays," to wit, "Faust" and "La Favorita," and for the delivery of addresses by Wendell Phillips containing "attacks on God and religion." The Cincinnati *Gazette* elaborately defends the operas against the charges of "frivolity and obscenity," and shows that by presenting vice in an unpleasing form they may in reality promote virtue. It will, however, produce no impression on the archbishop, as he has never seen an opera and never will, and probably is in much the same state of mind about it as a gentleman we recently heard of, who had refrained from going to the theatre all his life owing to his belief that actors always wore yellow tights. Moreover, it is absurd to defend the opera as a moral teacher. Nobody is made better, in the ordinary sense of the word, by seeing "Faust" or "La Favorita;" he is simply entertained by the music, and music does not exert an "elevating" influence on the character, all the musicians in the world to the contrary notwithstanding. But then if we gave up all modes of relaxation which did not exert an immediate and palpable good effect on morals, we should soon find life intolerable. As to Wendell Phillips's religion, we greatly fear it is his political economy just now which is most defective, and we advise Archbishop Purcell as a friend to let him alone.

THE most remarkable special correspondent now living is the gentleman who has been writing to *The Tribune* of this city and *The Gazette* of Cincinnati from the banks of the Seine. Of that stream, by the way, he says that it is "very clear and fresh of current, and is of itself a gracious ornament—such a river, notwithstanding its narrowness, that the dying Napoleon asked to be buried by its side." If these lines should meet his eye, he will be pleased to know that the objection to the narrowness of the stream having been waived, the funeral afterwards took place according to request. Mentioning Mr. J. C. Breckinridge, whom he has met, he makes this statement, which we pronounce extremely improbable :

"When he speaks you can see that there is no land so hard to be exiled from as our land, that this man would have cracked as with an earthquake."

And by-and-by he limns another well-known Southern leader :

"He has a whitish, bloated face, no beard, a flat forehead, grey eyes so used to looking into the bottoms of rum-tumblers that they are of a dead, vitreous glaze, and he answers better than anybody I can instance to you for an elderly Dead-Beat. When he walks, his flat, inelegant, half-mashed feet seem to be those of a man used only to describing half-circles about a bar-room. And this is George Sanders," etc.

We fear our correspondent's constitutional led him half a dozen times along that "mile of *cafés*, where you can drink all that intoxicates all the nations of the earth!" when he produced the confounding outbreak which follows :

"What would you think to pass these bronze gates and see through the shades of silver and emerald, among the infinite statues and palaces and temples, the dromedaries come carrying their Arab master, the wild horses of the Cossacks with a savage sabreman in each stirrup, the asses of the Pyrenees laden with velvet muleteers; where you can be, in a word, a cosmopolite in a cosmopolis, and stagger under the first grand conviction you have ever had that the universe is too grand for your thought?"

On the whole, we are sorry to hear that he has left Paris, though, as friends of human freedom, we are glad that Napoleon made no attempt to restrain him of his liberty and keep him in the Exposition. *The Tribune*, we suppose, will contain more of his brilliant—or is it lively?—and captivating prose.

THE Exposition is neither a swindle nor a failure, and seems likely to be pecuniarily remunerative. The attendance is immense, and those who visited the show when it was yet in disorder are astonished anew by its symmetry, its variety and grandeur. A New Jersey locomotive carried off the prize affixed to its class, and in machinery, as usual, America appears to good advantage. Remarkably, again, our art collection is viewed with almost unexceptional admiration, though it would hardly be considered by us first-rate or representative, and undoubtedly contains some wretched paintings. Mr. Church's "Niagara" took a second prize, and we shall be disappointed if honor is not done also to Mr. Homer's masterpiece, "Prisoners from the Front." The American department, like the English, is closed on Sunday, partly, we suppose, to relieve the attendants, but chiefly out of respect for the estimation in which the day is held in both countries. Naturally this causes serious disappointment to Continental visitors, and especially to the laboring classes of Paris, for whom Sunday is the only holiday.

THE week's news from Crete is as contradictory as usual, but the reports from Athens and London, to which the Turks give a sweeping denial, have at least the advantage of being somewhat definite. To believe these would be to agree that Omar Pasha has been badly beaten in two sanguinary battles, with a total loss to his forces of 3,000 men, and would make it prudent to wager that if this commander, who made his reputation in similar warfare, fails, no successor will ever put down the insurrection. On the other hand the Sultan has felt able to decline ceding the island to Greece, as the Great Powers have again united in petitioning, and to express his entire confidence in the ultimate reduction of the Cretans. His tenacity in this direction is not maintained towards Egypt, which has for some time been practically independent of him. He now grants the Viceroy the title of King.

THE French army is rapidly arming with the new Chassepot rifle, and according to the last accounts of an experiment made with a battalion of chasseurs each man fired eight shots a minute, a slight improvement on the Prussian needle-gun; but as far as rapidity of firing is concerned, it is not probable that there will be any perceptible difference between any of the breech-loaders in the excitement of action. An Austrian maker is now said to have one which for simplicity of construction surpasses all others, and is so strong that it may be thrown off a housetop without injury. About the murderous execution of these guns there is no difference of opinion; but bad as they are, a new gun, which has no explosive material, but is simply worked with a crank, and spouts balls in a continued stream on the principle of the sling, has made its appearance on the scene, which, if successful, some people imagine will put an end to war. It must be remembered, however, that as long as the combatants are armed with equal efficiency, the problem of strategy remains just what it has ever been, how to be the strongest at the point of attack. The general who manages to bring most breech-loaders to bear on a given spot will always come off victorious. And even if the crank gun were introduced, and a whole battalion could be swept away by a single squirt, the leader who first brought his cranks to bear on the enemy's flank or rear would win the day. No matter what weapons are introduced, therefore, except perhaps the French chemist's Greek fire, which is to destroy an army in five minutes, war will continue to be a game of manœuvres, although the actions may be made frightfully short and destructive.

THE NEGRO'S DESIGNS ON WHITE SOCIETY.

ALL pleasure is in its nature evanescent; but perhaps there is no pleasure that fleets more quickly and sooner palls upon the taste than that of assisting at tea-parties and other gatherings at the festive board. Indeed, we are not sure that to taste this pleasure at all there is not requisite a much longer spoon than is used in the social intercourse of mere mortals, and that the pleasure of the tea-party or dinner-party does not consist wholly in getting the invitation. While, then, for fear of disappointing and further embittering many respectable people who are just now very uneasy in their minds, we are willing to admit that the negro, misled by radical agitators, intends to force himself into our dining-rooms, we are sure that there is no real danger of his staying there. He may, to be sure, insist on learning wisdom by his own sad experiences, and that is a right which can be denied to no legal voter; but it will take him a very short space of time to assimilate the truths we have mentioned. We give him two months in which to satiate himself with the bitter ashes of that particular apple of Sodom, and expect him to have six or seven weeks to spare.

And if it were proper to intrude upon ex-Governor Perry and his sorrowing friends in the first paroxysms of their grief, we feel confident that, with some such considerations as those suggested, we could soothe and comfort them in their affliction, and woo their minds away to brighter and better views. We should remind the ex-governor that if the joy of going to tea-parties and *soirées* very quickly fades away, the joy of going *vi et armis* to tea-parties is of still briefer date; nay, that although Aristotle does declare that "the desires of men are boundless, and some men live only to gratify them"—so much we should have to concede—yet the voice of history is silent as to any nation or tribe of men who have ever sought their pleasure in giving themselves invitations to the feasts of persons who did not want their company. That particular form of self-indulgence seems never to have had overwhelming attractions for men of any color or speech. And many others of the fears which have latterly disturbed the minds of Mr. Perry and other intelligent persons of both sexes are perhaps no better founded than the one which we have been examining. It is now almost June, and the colored race has not yet moved itself to the political capital of the country and taken up its permanent residence there. Yet we can remember when it was apprehended that the negro race, in its insane desire to wield the power of the ballot, and in its crass ignorance of the relations between labor and food, would at once, men, women, and children, take seats through the day in the galleries of the Senate and House, and in the evenings perpetually cast its vote for the mayors

of Washington and Georgetown. We shall have to admit, we suppose, that the black man has determined on having the pre-eminency in the country; but we are persuaded that these two fears may be dismissed. The shocking subject of his insisting on his right to offer himself to our daughters in marriage is one that we must decline to consider. Our pen shrinks from portraying the horrors of San Domingo, which, in that case, would at once be revived. This one word we would say: the remedy which suggests itself to us is, we are aware, an extreme one—but how would it do before the blacks enter on the unprincipled line of action which is expected, and before the white male citizens of the United States, with the help of Indians not taxed, draw the sword for a war of races,—how would it do to confer upon the white ladies of our country the right of suffrage? Thus they could have some voice in the settlement of this tremendous problem which baffles the unaided wisdom of man. As we have said, we know the remedy is an extreme one; but would not the object and the result justify it? Is it not possible that by interesting the women themselves in this question we may avert "the bloody reinauguration," etc.? The only other remaining question—the horse-car problem—which may be stated thus: how long a time will elapse, if we permit the African to seek the society of the white man as he appears when conductor, driver, or passenger in the street-cars, before the African will learn that freedom means work, and that it is impossible for him to raise the great staples of the South while he squanders himself riding to the ends of the earth in the street-cars of our cities?—we regard as unworthy of a moment's attention.

We disclaim any wish or intention of being harsh in these remarks to the afflicted; to be a Job's comforter—and without any Job, by the way—is a task we have no stomach for; but we may be permitted to say to Mr. Perry and to Mr. Jenkins and the rest that once the devil got into a certain town in Spain and corrupted all the inhabitants to a dreadful degree. There was not, if the expression may be pardoned, a single wrinkle on either of his horns that he did n't teach them, and it was the most fortunate thing in the world for all the people of that section (*O si sua bona norint!*) that one day a person came along who was perfectly acquainted with their esteemed fellow-citizen and knew that he had n't in his veins, for all his airs, a drop of blue blood, and that in the long run the prosperity that his works and ways bring to any community is a very left-handed prosperity indeed. So the good man, who must also have been a good fellow, not only displayed the foul fiend to the incredulous townsmen in his true colors, but he laid on him a heavy spell of some sort, and the devil, with what grief of mind we can partly imagine, was condemned to enter forthwith upon a course of revival preaching and convert those whom he had before corrupted. The sermons delivered on several occasions would be worth reading if they could be had nowadays. We can fancy him on one morning bringing the lash down on the mad lust of power and precedence, that sin so apt to sway the human heart, and by which, though he said it who should n't, some of the very first angels fell. On another day he may have warned his hearers to beware of injustice, showing them the only true policy of states and men, and how from one injustice another springs, how from the hatred of race to race and the religious of one faith to the religious of another flowed the political oppression of the Spaniard by the Moor, of the Moor and Jew by the Spaniard, and how from this political tyranny sprang all forms of social tyranny, to the injury of the individual and the decay of the realm. It must all have been very affecting, especially when the audience considered the source of this teaching and how particularly well qualified the preacher was to hold forth on these and similar subjects. We can think of only one drawback which would limit his usefulness. People of the sort to which the sermonizer belonged are said to know all about the past, but to the future they are blind as bats. The devil can quote the historians, sacred and profane, in a manner to move the envy of a Congressman from Virginia or a contributor to the review of De Bow (who, by the way, if not which, is not dead yet), but his gift of prophecy, we are informed, was never of any account. However, it is as well for him to keep on preaching. The hearer will get good, if from nothing else, from the light thrown on the history and natural history of the very interesting personage speaking. And his utter incapability to look ahead and see what is coming and must come—that, too, will be interesting in its way.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., Boston, who make a specialty of publishing and dealing in works on agriculture, rural architecture, horticulture, stock, etc., announce as nearly ready "Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea," by Dr. James R. Nichols, editor of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry and Pharmacy*; and "Geyelin Poultry-breeding in a Commercial Point of View," to which Mr. Charles L. Flint, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, furnishes an introduction.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, whom Mr. Dickens has just declared to be his only authorized publishers in America, announce a "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens, in thirteen or fourteen volumes, of which each will contain a novel complete, adorned by eight of the original illustrations, selected for their goodness. This volume will be rather larger than those of the Diamond edition, the type rather larger, and the page will not be divided into two columns. The price will be a dollar and a half. Another edition will be the "Illustrated Library Edition," in twenty-six volumes, the appearance of which it is not necessary to describe, as the edition will be to all intents and purposes the same as the octavo illustrated edition which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have long had on sale. The price, however, will be less. It is proposed to offer it at two dollars a volume, which is somewhat cheaper than the illustrated Riverside edition of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. The latter, however, has additional illustrations by Darley and John Gilbert.—Mr. Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, announces "An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church," a work written by himself, of which he says that "it has had the leisure of years conscientiously bestowed upon it," and that his other recent work, "Superstition and Force," which, by the way, is a credit to American scholarship, was in comparison a mere *pièce d'occasion*.—D. Appleton & Co. announce the second volume of Flint's "Physiology of Man," and a republication of Michelet's "History of France."

—Tauchnitz will add to his edition of Thackeray a volume containing "Denis Duval," which has been especially revised for the purpose, and another volume containing the "Roundabout Papers" and some other papers never before collected. To his list of books the same publisher adds "Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions," "Mugby Junction," "Idalia," by Ouida, and "Nina Balatka," conjectured to be by Mr. Anthony Trollope. The English translations of German authors, which are hereafter to form a part of the Tauchnitz library, and which began with Auerbach's "On the Heights," will soon count among their number Anster's rendering of "Faust," Zschokke's novels, Paul Heyse's tales, and several of Lessing's works.

—There is no provision of law whereby the people may be organized for the purpose of nominating candidates for office; that the need of organization is felt is evident from the voluntary organizations formed by political parties, but in these voluntary organizations there are grave defects. In consideration of these things, which are set forth as above in a recent circular from the Union League of Philadelphia, that association has offered \$1,100 in prizes for "essays on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for office." The first prize is to be \$500, the second \$300, the third \$200, and the fourth \$100. The essays are to be addressed to Mr. George H. Boker, secretary of the Union League, and must be sent anonymously, for, if not, no attention will be paid them; the author's name must be sent separately in a sealed envelope. This subject, which has already had some discussion in these columns, is surely one of very great importance, and we are very glad that a body like the Philadelphia Union League has turned its attention to the matter. Its example, to say nothing of its prizes, will turn the attention of many. It is, we think, to be desired that the secretary, Mr. Boker, should be instructed by the directors of the league to draw up a circular a little more definite in its terms than the one from which we have quoted. An intending essayist would no doubt like the work narrowed rather more than it is in the words which we have quoted above, and of course the more precisely the subject is limited, the better are the essays likely to be.

—It is almost necessary to apologize to our readers for saying anything more about Mr. Dickens and his American publishers. The matter concerns "the trade" somewhat, but our readers only a very little, and this mention is, we hope, the last that will have to be made. Mr. Dickens, then, has recently written four letters to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, which that firm have published, and in the fourth of them he denies that he has derived, does derive, or ever is to derive any pecuniary advantage from republications of his collected works in this country, not issued by Ticknor & Fields; statements to the contrary originate in nothing, Mr. Dickens says, or have been twisted into being from two irrelevant facts: 1st, That the Harpers, through their London agents, bought advance-sheets of his then latest novels for *simultaneous republication in America*; 2d, That Hurd & Houghton bought one hundred impressions of the illustrations to "The Pickwick Papers." For the italics given above, Mr. Dickens or Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are responsible. We take them to mean an assertion that buying advance-sheets is a very different thing from buying manuscripts, and while it gives the purchaser the possibility of early publication, cannot be held to give him any property in the novel as a book. Next comes Mr. W. A. Townsend, who is ready to make oath that advance-sheets of Mr. Dickens's novel of "Bleak House," which is not one of the three novels mentioned by Mr. Dickens, were bought by the Harpers for two thousand dollars. And after him comes Mr. Lea, of Philadelphia, who says that in 1838 Carey, Lea & Blanchard, the first house to publish Dickens's works in this country, paid the novelist £50 in acknowledgment of the success of their edition of his "Pickwick Papers." Furthermore, Mr. Lea says that for "Barnaby Rudge" and "The Old Curiosity Shop," which were published serially, Mr. Dickens received from the same house £2 10s. a number; or, for the novels, £107 10s. and £112 10s. respectively. In 1842 Mr. Dickens visited this country, and for several years afterwards would not countenance any American editions of his works, so Carey, Lea & Blanchard published "Martin Chuzzlewit," "David Copperfield," and "Dombey & Son" without paying Mr. Dickens anything; and by-and-by Mr. Dickens's books, as we have heard, being not so popular in this country as before he wrote "The American Notes," and Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard being, perhaps for that, perhaps for other reasons, willing to dispose of the stereotype plates of his books then in their possession, they sold them, and at a low price, to Getz & Buck, of Philadelphia, which firm in turn sold them to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and T. B. Peterson & Brothers have also bought the plates of the later novels of which Messrs. Harpers purchased the advance-sheets. The Petersons claim the right to publish Dickens in this country—a right based, as it seems (we are as far as possible from attempting to settle the question), upon purchases of advance-sheets by Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and afterwards by the Harpers. Ticknor & Fields claim the same right, because they alone have paid Mr. Dickens not for advance-sheets merely, but have paid him, and intend to pay him, a share in the profits of a complete edition of his works. The claim of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields Mr. Dickens allows. If it should seem that what Mr. Dickens says in his Ticknor & Fields letter, "No. 4," is contradicted by Mr. Townsend's and Mr. Lea's statements, it should be recollect—1st, That Mr. Dickens speaks of republications of "collected works"; 2d, That it does not appear that he has had any money from any American house but Ticknor & Fields, except for the privilege of getting advance-sheets for early publication, and, in one instance, £50 by way of "acknowledgment" for the success of a republication of his first book; 3d, That Mr. Townsend's contradiction relates to what Mr. Dickens calls, and what is, so far as regards the quarrel between the publishers, an "irrelevant fact," about which he was not troubling himself when writing his letter. Harpers probably paid \$2,000 for "Bleak House," but it was paid for advance-sheets. The English publishers of "Bleak House" may have been the persons benefited by the payment, or a thousand other things are more likely than that Mr. Dickens has made a mistaken statement.

—The key-note of the early Biblical history is to be found in the antipathy of color and the system of castes which it evolved. Once the region between the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean was filled with a dark-colored, perhaps a black, African race. The Kenites, or descendants of Cain, conquered some of these dark men, and set up in

Palestine a system analogous to that still subsisting in India, namely, a unity subdivided by castes based on color. Egypt was conquered by a clan of the Aryans other than the Kenites, and this conquering clan, having much mixed its blood, was conquered by another, the "Shepherds" of modern commentators. The Abrahamic tribe was a white one; it expelled a dark tribe which it was ruling, and this fact appears in history as the driving out of Hagar and Ishmael by Sarah. Jacob was white, Esau of mixed blood; Joseph was white, so was Benjamin, but their ten jealous brethren were half-castes; Joseph clearly was of the same race as the "Shepherd" king who took him into favor; and the Israelites in Goshen were white men, ruling black or dark-colored men. By-and-by the mixed race achieved supreme power in Egypt, and drove out the Shepherds; at the same time, their friends, the white rulers of Goshen, who went into Canaan, joined the Kenites and the higher castes, and both uniting, the two together waged a war of extermination against the lower castes, a war such as only breaks out between rival colors, a war so remorseless that the victory invented for it a divine command to extirpate. Thenceforward Hebrews and Kenites lived side by side, each supporting a separate priesthood, the two divisions of the Aaronic caste, the children of Ithamar and Eliezer. David was a Kenite. The Kenites were more spiritual, poetical; the Hebrews more gross, material, bound by laws; the Kenite believed that in each heart was the sanctuary of God, that each man was a priest; the Hebrew would have sacrifices; the Kenite would have prayer and not sacrifice. The Psalms of David are the poems of the Kenite king. The quarrel of the two priesthoods divided the nation; it was David's attempt to ascertain the fighting strength of each opinion by his numbering of the people that called down the wrath of God on that monarch, and helped to split the kingdom into two. Judah was Kenite, and Israel Hebrew. The schism lasted down to the destruction of Jerusalem; the Sadducees, who believed not in the resurrection, being Hebrews, and the Pharisees being Kenites; and, as we suppose, the "black" Jews and the "white" Jews of our own day represent respectively the Kenites and the Hebrews, for the Kenites, though living side by side with the Hebrews, were, of the two, the subordinate people, and, as we have seen, subordination and superiority were dependent on color. All this is the theory of Mr. E. de Bunsen, who has recently published in England a very interesting and learned book—interesting, but not the easiest reading in the world—which is entitled "The Keys of St. Peter." The matter above set forth is, however, only subsidiary. The main purpose of the work—which is a continuation of the same author's "Hidden Wisdom"—is to show that the Kenites were the depositaries of religious truths discovered by primeval man, or revealed to him and handed down by secret tradition. Of this truth, which the Hindoo philosophers, and after them the Jewish priesthood, preserved, and which the Pope now possesses, the essence is, that by perfect submission and perfect obedience to the will of God a man may become spiritually perfect, like unto God, and master of the universe. This wisdom Jesus reduced to practice, but did not teach. In other words, he knew the best, but did not teach the best. However much this view of the perfect spiritual character may revolt most people, and however little they may feel inclined to accept the rest of Mr. de Bunsen's work, yet, as written by a learned and able man and relating to matters of great importance in many points of view, the book is well worth attention.

The proposed new law of libel introduced in Parliament by Sir Colman O'Loughlen and reported on favorably by the select committee to which it was referred, absolutely exempts newspapers from prosecution for publishing libellous matter actually uttered at a public meeting, provided the answer of the person aggrieved is allowed to appear in an equally conspicuous form. *The Spectator* strongly objects to the measure and hopes the bill will be amended in the Lords, for, as it stands, an unknown person, who perhaps cannot be reached at all, may make (from spite) damaging assertions which disreputable papers may disseminate with impunity; the present law at least obliges newspapers to send respectable and discreet men to report the proceedings of public meetings. In this country, where the worship of the press is as much a "cult" as it is in England, we have no such law of libel as the one proposed. But libel suits against newspapers are proverbially unsuccessful, so that practically we live under such a law.

We should say that a result of our practice is that our public men have come to disregard entirely everything that the newspapers of their political opponents say about them, and that the public in general adopts pretty much the same course, so that the evil may be said to work its own cure. That is, as far as concerns the person libelled. Of the ill effects upon the press of this impunity, every day and not every journal but very many journals furnish examples.

—Among German books recently issued we notice a little volume by Eugen Richter ("Die Consum-Vereine: ein Noth- und Hülfsbuch für deren Gründung und Einrichtung"), published in Berlin, but to be had of L. W. Schmidt, New York, which contains the history of co-operative associations in England and in Germany. The facts about the Rochdale "Pioneers" are pretty well known. We learn from this book that the co-operative societies of Germany have 350,000 members, with yearly returns of 85 millions of thalers, and a working capital of five and a half millions of thalers. There are now about two hundred societies under the presidency of Herr Schulze-Delitzsch, a member of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, under whose direction new societies have been and are constantly being organized. How they are organized and how managed it is the author's object to set forth in the last eight of his twelve chapters, his experience in Düsseldorf, Magdeburg, and Berlin having not only made him unusually well-informed but convinced him of the need of the practical directions which he here gives.—A remarkable publication is Dr. Bergius's "Chart of the World" (Gotha: Justus Perthes). The fourth improved edition of this excellent map shows the drifts and currents of the sea, the sounded depths, the direction of winds and magnetic currents, all international steamer, railway, and telegraph lines, and, generally, gives the most exact information of the land and sea.—Boettcher's "Manual of the Hebrew Language" (Leipsic: F. Mühlau) is an important addition to Hebrew literature, having particular reference to comparative philology.

—The Vienna *Internationale Revue*, which has for its contributors the most prominent publicists of Europe, has commenced its second year. The first number contains an essay, by Huber, on Diderot and the encyclopædistes of France; by Harder, on the growth of North American law; by Block, on national economy; by Laun, on Bryant, "the American poet of landscape;" by Keferstein, on the American educational system, etc., etc.

—According to the Italian statistical bureau there are contained in the public libraries of Bavaria 1,263,500 volumes, a number which gives twenty-six and four-tenths volumes for every one hundred Bavarians, as the proportion of books to citizens, or rather of books in public libraries to citizens, which puts Bavaria at the head of European countries so far as the relative rank of nations is determinable by such a test. Bavaria is at the head; next comes Italy, who for each hundred Italians has 19.5 volumes; next France, with 11.7 volumes; next Prussia, with 11 volumes; next Belgium, with 10.4 volumes; next Austria, with 6.9 volumes; while Great Britain, with her 6 volumes for every hundred inhabitants, is nearly at the end. Only Russia is worse off: one hundred Russians have but one volume and sixth-tenths of another; and even this show of volumes is got, in part, by making out of the specifications of English patents 30,000 bound volumes; these in the British Museum make but 1,000 volumes. The bureau seems to have had no precise rule as to what should constitute a volume, and, as appears in the case of the specifications, England may have frequently been placed at a needless disadvantage. However, Great Britain, as Mr. Matthew Arnold might say, is not yet Haussmannized in this respect; in that country it is only the British Museum Library which is aided by the state, and the other public collections are small; a comparison of the whole number of books in the hands of the people of the various countries would no doubt give England a higher place than is given her by the estimate of which we speak. Another matter of interest which we observe in *The Pall Mall Gazette's* abstract of the bureau's report is the statement, quoted from M. Loua, a French statistician, that the selection of reading matter made by the Italians affords a fresh demonstration that the tendency of the age is more and more toward the positive sciences and away from studies purely scholastic: in 1868, in the 210 public libraries

of Italy the whole number of books read was 988,510; of these 183,528 related to mathematics and the natural sciences, 122,496 to history and philology, 261,689 to general literature, 193,973 to jurisprudence and law, 70,537 to morals and philosophy, 54,491 were theological and sacred works, and 101,797 were cyclopædias.

—The very convincing exposure by Mr. John Bartlett, compiler of "Familiar Quotations," of the literary robbery committed on him by Mr. Hain Friswell, seems to be accepted on the other side of the water as conclusive of Mr. Friswell's guilt. Readers of Mr. Bartlett's letter in our issue of Feb. 7, of this year, are informed as to the magnitude and the unblushing impudence of Mr. Friswell's offence. It is a crime that book-makers had invented before Guttemberg invented movable types, or one would incline to the theory that the shocking example of the editors and sub-editors of newspapers had corrupted the honesty of authors.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.*

THE two years that have elapsed since the surrender at Appomattox Court House have taught us, among other things, not to be sanguine in our expectations of value in each new book upon the war. Bad as many of the books of this kind that have been written at the North have been, those that have been written at the South have usually been worse. The normal inferiority of Southern literary efforts has been accompanied in their accounts of their doings in the late rebellion with such reckless disregard of truth and such insane boasting, that one no more thinks of placing Harry Gilmor's book, for instance, in his collection of material for the history of the war, than he does of placing "Gulliver's Travels" among his books of geography. And yet a good thing has at last come out of the peculiar Nazareth which lies below Mason and Dixon's line. A most excellent book has been written by Captain Hotchkiss and Colonel Allan, who were formerly officers of the staff of the Second Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, in other words, the corps commanded by Stonewall Jackson till his death. This book, published under the title which is given below, is the best book of its class, and the most valuable contribution to the history of the war of which we have any knowledge. It is a monograph, as its name imports, and it is precisely the sort of book that is wanted. Summaries of the campaigns of different generals and armies and of the war are plenty enough already. What we wish for now is books that will enable us to become familiarly acquainted with each important battle. "Chancellorsville" is just such a book, and it is so thoroughly satisfactory that it is delightful to be led to believe by the form of the title that the same or equally competent hands are to illustrate the other battle-fields of Virginia.

The story of Chancellorsville is not pleasant reading for Northern men as Northern men. That must be admitted at the outset. All things considered, it was the most glorious battle for the South and the most disgraceful battle for the North that was fought during the war. The larger army was beaten by the smaller, the army that divided into two parts was beaten by the army that divided into three parts. The army that first placed itself on the flank of its adversary gained nothing by the brilliant manœuvre, and presently had its own flank effectively turned and crushed. As a final and crowning disgrace, "the finest army on the planet" was cooped up in its intrenchments and then driven fairly from them by a vastly less numerous body of men.

But though it is true that the story of Chancellorsville is a mortifying story for Northern men, it is no less true that it is an intensely interesting story for the student. For six days the two great armies of the North and South were in presence of each other, and often actually engaged. The stern fighting of those days was not the mere shock of one mass of brave men meeting another, like the melee in the "Gentle and Free Passage of Arms at Ashby de la Zouche." Nor was it like Fredericksburg or Gettysburg, where gallant storming columns pressed in vain on positions too strong for them to carry. Still less was it like the common run of battles in our war, where the vicious parallel order was followed, and the only question was which could bear the hard pounding longest. There is not a passage in the history of the rebellion in which more genius in conception and more energy and skill in execution were displayed than in the operations about Chancellorsville in the spring of 1863, when the Virginian forest was just bursting into leaf.

No faithful account of the campaign of Chancellorsville could be other-

wise than interesting; but Captain Hotchkiss and Colonel Allan have done their work so admirably that their account is fascinating. It might have been pardoned if they had indulged in some glorification in writing on such a theme, but the tone of their book is all that could possibly be asked. Their moderation and their abstinence from fine writing are eminently creditable, and there is not a word or sentence in the book that even approaches to being offensive. The foreigners who visited their army and write about what they saw might well learn a lesson of good taste from them.

A careful examination of the principal authorities upon this campaign, and a comparison of the results derived therefrom with the contents of this book, lead directly to the conclusion that it is altogether accurate and trustworthy. No man can ever say that any account of any great series of operations is absolutely free from error; but we believe this to be one of the most faithful accounts of a great struggle that was ever written. It is written in good, simple English, and that is enough to say before passing to a more particular notice of its contents.

The action about Chancellorsville has three matters of special interest—the movement by which Hooker placed the bulk of his army on the left flank of Lee, the movement by which Jackson turned and crushed Hooker's right, and the battle of May 3, which ended in the capture of Chancellorsville by the Southern army. Of subordinate interest, but hardly less importance, was the check received by the advance of our army, near Tabernacle Church, on the 1st of May. Up to that time the tide of our success seemed to be at the flood. There and then the tide turned, and from that time the ebb was strong and its velocity rapidly increased.

From the first twenty pages of the book we learn little that we did not know before. The most noteworthy statements contained in them are the assertions that in the winter of 1862-3 the alphabet of the Federal signals was discovered by the enemy; that the staff of the Army of Northern Virginia was then made a complete organization by itself; and that the artillery of the same army was consolidated into one corps at about the same time. The authors speak of the discipline of their army at that time in higher terms than General Lee, according to some authorities, has sometimes used about it.

It has been commonly, and we think truly, charged upon Southern officers and authors, that it has been their practice to underestimate the number of their own troops and to overstate the number of ours. No such charge can be brought against the authors of this book. On the contrary, they give to General Hooker's army a total smaller by some ten thousand than Mr. Swinton assigns to it, while their estimate of the effective of Lee's army seems to exceed Swinton's by about seven thousand. The Northern writer makes the proportion of the two armies to be as 24 to 10, the Southern as 20 to 10. The proportion is bad enough for us at best; but the difference is material when we are counting men by ten thousands.

It is well known that General Hooker conceived a plan of considerable merit for placing his army on General Lee's left flank, and forcing him to come out of his elaborate lines about Fredericksburg, behind which (if we may accept the somewhat extravagant assertion of Messrs. Hotchkiss and Allan) "the Confederate army was as secure from attack in front as Wellington at Torres Vedras." His execution of this plan was good, and even brilliant, and the manner of it is well told in the book before us; but this is familiar matter, and we pass from it to the check which our army met with near Tabernacle Church, the immediate cessation of the advance, and the withdrawal to the lines constructed about Chancellorsville. This event of the campaign has always been matter of special wonder to those who have had any knowledge of the facts. Indeed, so mysterious has it been that Mr. Swinton seems to have felt himself reduced to the utterly unsatisfactory suggestion that General Hooker's conduct was actuated by an impulse of romantic generosity. It is not easy to believe that the fabulous "chivalrous courtesy" of the commander of the English troops at Fontenoy was imitated on an enormous scale beyond the Rappahannock, and we look with the liveliest interest to this book for an explanation of the enigma. We find in it enough to satisfy us that General Hooker, though he committed one of the most woful errors ever committed in war, was not guilty of such fatuity as is commonly supposed. He made a terrible mistake; but it is not true, as we believe is generally supposed, that his successful advance was checked by what was, comparatively speaking, a mere handful of men.

On the morning of Friday, May 1, General Hooker commenced his movement from Chancellorsville toward Fredericksburg and Lee's left flank. He moved a little less than forty thousand men, on the river road, the plank road, and the old turnpike, and he held in reserve, beside his cavalry, a force which could not have been much less than thirty thousand men, the greater part of which was disposed within a radius of one mile from Chancellorsville. His advance met with but little opposition until it approached the position

* "Chancellorsville." By Jed. Hotchkiss, late Captain and Topographical Engineer, Second Corps, A.N.V., and William Allan, late Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Ordnance, Second Corps, A.N.V. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1867.

taken up by the Confederates near the junction of the plank and turnpike roads with the old Mine road, about three miles east of Chancellorsville. This line, it appears from the book before us, Anderson had "busily fortified," and it also appears that there were rifle-pits on Smith's Hill—a height to the right and rear of the Confederate position. These facts are not to be lost sight of. More than this. Our authors tell us that this line was occupied by three out of the four divisions of Jackson's corps, by Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, and by three of the four brigades of Law's division of the same corps—a force amounting in the whole to about forty thousand men, and all under the general command of Jackson. These facts are of the utmost importance. They amount to this: that about a third of the Federal army was advancing through an unknown country, under nobody in particular, against about an equal number of Confederate troops, established in a fortified position in a country perfectly familiar to them, and commanded by the most brilliant general that the war had yet developed. It was the old, old story—a fraction of the Union army, under command of subordinates, advanced against the bulk of the Southern army, under the command of a man who was little short of a magician in his control of his troops.

The first result was what might have been expected. The active Jackson did not content himself with standing on the defensive, but promptly took the offensive. He did not wait for the development of the Federal advance, but took the initiative himself before the preliminary movements on our side were completed. The second result was natural enough, but not what might have been expected from "Fighting Joe Hooker." Such of our troops as were first engaged fought bravely enough, but the great flanker presently caused a brigade or so to appear on the right of our advance, and that was enough, melancholy as it may be to write the words. Instead of supporting his advance with the great mass of troops which he held in reserve, our fighting general ordered a withdrawal of his troops to the position which they had occupied in the morning. After gaining such an advantage of position as would have given assured victory to Frederick the Great, he caused his troops to retire, and made every man in his army feel that their forced marches had been made in vain, and took from every soldier the *élan* of successful advance. The best criticism on the soundness of his reasons for this retrograde movement, namely, that he feared that his forces might be encountered by the enemy while debouching from the woods, and before they had time to deploy, may be found in the subsequent achievements of the army of Lee.

As our authors say, as the Federal troops retreated the whole Confederate line advanced and followed them closely to their breastworks, which were only from half a mile to a mile from Chancellorsville. Here our troops took up a position which was strong both by nature and by the fortifications which they had thrown up. The line ran, for the greater portion of its length, parallel to the plank road, but the left, which was the weakest portion of it, was retired at an obtuse angle, and the extreme right of the line was bent back in a semicircular crotchet. About sixty-four thousand Union troops, besides Pleasonton's cavalry, were disposed in this position, while the main body of the Confederate army, amounting to between forty and forty-five thousand men, were concentrated in front of our left and left centre. In this position both armies passed the night of Friday, May 3.

The morning of the following day was occupied by the Confederate leaders in planning a deed of dreadful note. The Federal position was too strong to justify an attack in front. Jackson, fertile in expedients, suggested a movement of his entire command round the right of the opposing army, and an attack on Hooker's right and rear. Lee hesitated to adopt a plan which would leave him for several hours with only about sixteen thousand men in presence of the whole right wing of the Federal army. With an audacity which he had never displayed before, and which he never displayed afterward, he gave his approval to the suggestion, and the movement began early in the morning.

The distance marched by Jackson, from the point where he left the Confederate position, on the plank road east of Chancellorsville, to the limit of his westward march, a point of the old turnpike west of the Federal position, was eleven miles or more, and this distance was somewhat increased by the fact that he often left the main roads to avoid the deep mud. Every step of his movement may be followed on No. 3 of the admirable maps with which the authors have enriched their book. While he was making this long march through dense forests and over wood roads, with 26,000 men and his artillery and trains, the Federal commander lay quiet in his lines, calling up the First Corps with its 17,000 men from the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, examining his position in person, and rectifying certain details which he considered faulty. As early, at least, as nine o'clock in the morning of this eventful day, he received information of the movement of Jackson which led

him to suspect its object. His suspicions might well have been confirmed by the results of a reconnaissance in force made by Sickles, the commander of the Third Corps. But he seems to have made up his mind that the enemy must be retreating, and to have inverted the information he received into evidence in support of that theory. Two years of fighting had not been sufficient to teach him that the Southern army was not wont to retreat without firing a shot; but he had not learned the lesson that he might have learned from Gaines's Mills and Thoroughfare Gap and the Antietam. The great deception practised by Frederick upon Soubise at Rosbach was here repeated upon him, and he appears to disadvantage in comparison with Soubise, for the French general was no more completely deceived, and he moved his troops with all the rapidity in his power on what he supposed was his retreating enemy, while Hooker kept his masses quiet, though the frequent demonstrations which Lee made all that day along his front proved to him that at least a rear-guard of the Southern army was near his lines.

When Jackson reached the plank road, west of Chancellorsville, he halted and inspected the Union lines from a commanding hill. He then ordered his command to move a little further to the north-west, that he might deliver his attack completely in rear as well as flank. When he reached the old turnpike he turned sharply to the right, moved eastward along that road for three-quarters of a mile, and there, at a distance of three-quarters of a mile from the right of the Federal line, he deployed his command to the right and left of the road, in three lines, covering a front of about a mile and three-eighths. Between five and six o'clock in the afternoon all was ready. Twenty-six thousand men were in order of battle within rifle-shot of the men who formed the extreme right of our army, and they, poor fellows, had stacked their arms and were eating what was to many of them their last meal. All was silence where Jackson and his men were, and it was in this lull before the storm that Hooker telegraphed to Sedgwick: "We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains—two of Sickles's divisions are among them." This message reached Sedgwick near Fredericksburg at 7.05 P.M., and it was just before six o'clock that Jackson gave the order to advance. What followed is but too well known; but we must find place for a few lines from the picturesque description which the authors give us of the scene that was presented as the curtain rose:

"Just before six o'clock Jackson gave the order to advance. As swiftly as the brushwood would permit the lines moved forward. The forest was full of game, which, startled from their hiding-places by the unusual presence of man, ran in numbers to and over the Federal lines. Deer leaped over the works at Talley's and dashed into the wood behind. The Federal troops had, in most cases, their arms stacked, and were eating supper. All danger was thought to be over for the night. The startled game gave the first intimation of Jackson's approach. But so little was it respected or believed, that the suggestion was treated as a jest. Presently the bugles were heard through which orders were passed along the Confederate lines. This excited still more remark. Ere it had been long discussed, however, there came the sound of a few straggling shots from the skirmishers, then a mighty cheer, and in a moment more Jackson was upon them. A terrible volley from his line of battle was poured among the Union troops ere they could recover from their surprise. Those in line returned a scattered fire, others seized their arms and attempted to form. Officers tried to steady their men and lead them to meet the attack. All was in vain" (p. 48).

The Confederates marched straight on, killing, wounding, and capturing as they advanced, for about two miles. Then the approach of night, the gallantry with which some Federal artillery was used, and the confusion produced in their own formation by the difficulty of the country and the tumult of swift victory, combined to make them pause. It was while Jackson was reforming his front line, and preparing to achieve still more decided successes, that he received his death-wounds. The story of the manner in which he received his wounds and was carried from the field is told in a few striking words which bring the whole scene before us.

The success of Jackson had been immense from every point of view. He had inflicted upon our army an immense loss in every way. He had captured much material and many men, and he had rendered the whole Eleventh Corps a source of weakness instead of strength. He had shaken, if he had not destroyed, the confidence of our army in its leader, and he had impaired its morale, for the time, to an incalculable extent. It is needless to say how his army must have contemplated itself and its leader after such an exploit. Finally, there were comprised in the ground which he had taken some heights which overlooked the right of Hooker's line, and were the key to his position.

The death of Jackson was a terrible price for the South to pay for this or any other success; but it is not easy to believe, as he did, that if he had remained unhurt a few hours longer, he would have cut the communication

of our army with the United States Ford. But into such a region of speculation it is not proper to enter here. His loss was never made good to the South. The wound which Joe Johnston received at Seven Pines was thought by many a blessing in disguise, for it placed Lee in command; but they had no such consolation in the case of Jackson. When they carried him to his grave "at Lexington, in the valley of Virginia," they parted from the man who had no equal as an executive officer among the Southern soldiers of the Great Rebellion.

We have dwelt at some length upon two portions of the history of this campaign, because the former is comparatively little understood, and much interesting information in regard to it, and correction of erroneous impressions, are contained in the book before us, and because the latter is one of the great exploits not only of our war, but of all war, and has a dramatic finish and completeness of the action in the death of the leader who devised and executed it. Of what remains we must speak very briefly.

The stubborn action of May 3, which closed with the victory of the Confederates and the capture of Chancellorsville at 10 A.M., is described by Messrs. Hotchkiss and Allan with the greatest clearness and minuteness, and in a perfectly satisfactory manner. On this day Hooker was taught, if he had not understood before, the folly which he was guilty of when he abandoned the better position near Tabernacle Church on the 1st of May, and the importance of the loss which he had suffered the day before in permitting Jackson to turn his flank and wrest the heights at Talley's from the Eleventh Corps. When the battle was over, and he had returned inglorious to his camp at Falmouth, he may have thought with bitter recollection of the way in which he had seen the crossing of a river and the attack of a flank of an army in position carried to a successful issue, less than a year before, by the same generals who had beaten him now, and blushed to think that he had refused or neglected to learn from them. A fraction of the energy and persistence displayed by Lee and Jackson at Gaines's Mills must have made the movement of Hooker on Lee's left near Fredericksburg, especially when we consider its incidental advantages in uncovering Banks's Ford, and shortening the communication with Sedgwick by twelve miles, one of direful portent for the enemy.

In discussing so interesting a subject with so thoroughly satisfactory a book at hand the pen runs away with us, and we must leave untouched the authors' equally clear and soldierly account of the movements about Fredericksburg, where the left wing of our army under Sedgwick was operating, while the main body of the army fought or listened to the sound of the fighting, which was the case with thousands of our men near Chancellorsville.

There are five maps in this book of the highest order of merit, "showing the topography of the country and the successive positions of both armies, prepared, for the most part, by the direction of General Lee immediately after the battle." They are invaluable for the study of the campaign of Chancellorsville, the operations about Fredericksburg included, and almost equally valuable for the study of Burnside's battle of Fredericksburg. Should this book pass to a second edition, as we hope it may and to many after that, the authors would do well to indicate more frequently in the text the number of the map to which they are referring as their narrative proceeds.

"Chancellorsville" is appropriately finished by a most interesting sketch of the last days of Jackson, written by Dr. Hunter McGuire, formerly the medical director of Jackson's corps, an accomplished and amiable man, whom one officer, at least, of the Union army remembers with kindness for courteous attentions shown by him to a wounded prisoner. This sketch is pronounced by the authors to be the most faithful and accurate account now in existence of the wounds and death of Stonewall Jackson.

Serpents in the Dove's Nest. By Rev. John Todd, D.D. (Boston : Lee & Shepard.)—Two articles, reprinted from *The Congregationalist*, on the crime of abortion—not simply the refuge of the vulgar, but the scarce concealed practice, even habit, of the respectable. The private experience of almost any of us can supply instances, partly of the sort which involve dishonor if a child be born, largely of matrons who dread the pains of childbirth or the cares of an increased progeny. Physicians only know the full extent of this dreadful immorality, and in their hands mainly, we are sure, lies the power to repress it, since its roots are in the general ignorance of physical laws. Unhappily, to effect an abortion one need not resort to those doctors who advertise their soulless specialty, and who, from time to time, are exposed by the death of their victims, dragged before the courts, and visited with proper reprobation by a virtuous public. Too often the "regular" practitioner, whose standing is unequivocal, is *particeps criminis*, it may be in the sacred capacity of family physician.

Just now the subject is attracting a great deal of attention; hence the natural inference that the evil is growing. It may be so, but it is not proved—not even proved, as Dr. Todd insists, that the New England ancestry

"never were spotted by the blood of innocents," and "never quenched life immortal for the sake of ease or fashion." Nor is there a definite and inflexible relation of cause and effect between abortion at the present day and the (assumed) infecundity of our native population. Dr. Todd seems to hold up the minister's wife, and the Irishwoman who breeds like a rabbit, as the pattern women of the age. But is a large family always or ever proof of chastity and continence? What is certain is, that abortion in every stage is incredibly common among American women in good circumstances and of average education, and that the thought of it is not repugnant to hundreds who, for whatever reason, are never tempted to employ it. Not only is it common, but even flagrant. A correspondent of *The Medical and Surgical Reporter*, writing, if we remember, from the West, tells of seeing an instrument for abortion hanging up in plain sight, like any domestic utensil, and its purpose avowed without shame. The statistics of the immense demand from the country for the books and medicines of murderous quacks, whose headquarters are in the large cities, are enough to palsy the imagination that attempts to interpret them.

The pamphlet before us will probably increase the wholesome excitement occasioned by the articles composing it, and revive the charge of "indelicacy" against its author. We have not read the two books advertised by him and his publishers—Dr. Storer's "Why Not? A Book for Every Woman," and "The Mother and Her Offspring," by Dr. Tracy—but we believe we can confidently recommend these works to every household. The sensational title of the former, while it may invite those who are caught by quack advertisements of similar vagueness and suggestiveness, would seem to be bar to its purchase by the sober portion of the community, with whom, nevertheless, the book, as we have seen, may have weighty concern.

An earnest word upon this subject will be found in a pamphlet published in Portland, by E. P. Le-Prohon, M.D., entitled "Voluntary Abortion; or, Fashionable Prostitution, with some remarks upon the Operation of Craniotomy." The leading positions of this writer, who has practised for twenty-four years in this country, in three of the New England States, are, briefly, these: There is no difference (morally speaking) between feticide and infanticide; no physician is ever justified in destroying the fetus for the sake of the mother—God, not man, being the judge of which life is the more valuable, and there being no certainty of saving the mother's life by this violence; the licentiousness of the press in publishing quack advertisements, inciting to voluntary abortion, is the immediate cause of the increase of this evil in America; the Catholic religion alone, as history proves, is capable of repressing it. No one can doubt that the point against the press is well taken; and we entreat Dr. Todd to reconsider his resolution to write no more, and to arraign first and foremost those "religious" newspapers whose prosperity is almost built on impure and utterly pernicious advertisements of the kind alluded to, such as have just been made penal in Rhode Island. Let the doctor give the names of the responsible publishers, no matter who gets "excited," and the good he may accomplish is absolutely incalculable.

The Market Assistant. By Thomas F. De Voe. (New York : Hurd & Houghton.)—The least that can be said of this book is, that it is all it purports to be. We are well aware that some, having studied the catalogue of food from the chapter on domestic animals to that on dairy and household products, may experience such a perplexing embarrassment of choice as to be ready to pronounce "assistant" a downright misnomer. But how few will find this embarrassment so objectionable as that which proceeds from confinement to a narrow range of market purchases! Is there one of the staple meats, for instance, that a never so versatile housekeeper or landlady has not some time or other loathed with all her strength? Indeed, it is not the epicure alone who sighs for new viands to devour, as Alexander for new worlds. Dyspeptic is a relative term; we are all restricted in what we eat; but the mischief is that we never learn the economy of a greater variety. This is partly, perhaps mainly, because we forget that the greater variety exists; and on this account, if on no other, Mr. De Voe has not written in vain. Recipes, with rare exceptions, he very properly leaves to the cook books. Mrs. Putnam or Mrs. Ellis may tell how this or that article is to be served up; his business is to help you get it and not be cheated. Hence he enumerates everything that is or has within the memory of man been brought to the New York market, with some things that will perhaps be introduced hereafter. Wherever it is possible he gives their history, and culls from newspaper and other records accounts of "extraordinary specimens," the largest oyster, or fish, or turtle, the biggest haul, the mammoth cheese, and all sorts of adventures; tells you the origin of porter-house steak, explains the naming of the weak-fish, the canvas-back duck, the Rhode Island greenling, mentions the use of ox-teeth in the earlier stage of dentistry—recalling what Catlin says of the mine which he unwittingly revealed to the dentists when he described the above-ground Indian cemeteries, with their circles of skulls, whose teeth were presently to do Christian service; and assigns to Dr. Franklin the credit of creating the broom corn culture, which was so marked a feature of the Connecticut River Valley before tobacco usurped its place. "A lady of Philadelphia," says his authority, the *Washington Sun* of 1837, "held an imported clothes-whisk in her hand, and, while examining it as a novelty, he found a single grain still attached to the stalk; this he planted," and we know the result.

The author makes some sensible remarks on the disadvantage of employing servants to do the marketing for their employers—a practice probably more in vogue in this city than in Boston or in Philadelphia, where the market-houses are much more conveniently distributed, and, if they cannot boast the same profusion or the same cheapness, since New York outbids them in their own stalls, are infinitely superior in cleanliness, roominess, and wholesome ventilation. In the circumstances, Mr. De Voe does all that he can for those who are doomed to thread the labyrinth of Washington or Fulton Market, and his book is emphatically the assistant of those whose means are limited. The thrifty, generally rotund mistresses who block our ferry-boats and horse-cars with their baskets every morning,

coming from Harlem, Brooklyn, Hoboken, and Jersey City, will find here (as many of them as can read English) an amusing *cade mecum* for the tedious journey.

Homespun; or, Five-and-Twenty Years Ago. By Thomas Lackland. (New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.)—This book must have been written out of a free heart by one whose love for country life is very genuine. There is no evidence that the author's inspiration came rather from his publishers than from his theme, as is the case with many books that we are asked to read. The volume is divided into three parts, entitled Penates, Vicinage, and Bucolics. Under the first head we have brief and charming essays upon rainy days, garden-work, barn-life, bucklerberryings, etc.; under the second, others just as pleasant upon the country store and school and fair, the town meeting and the poor-house; and for Bucolics we have talk of farmers' wives and sons and daughters, the hired man, etc. On first reading these essays we were almost persuaded that we had seen the book before, but as it bears no evidence of being a republication, we have come to the conclusion that our impression arose from the fact that the author was describing with remarkable fidelity things which we too had much enjoyed. The book has this advantage over most books of its class, that it is intensely human. Not content with speaking of trees and fields, of horses and cattle, it delights in men and women, and it is of them in their relations to the life of a New England farm that the author continually speaks. The book is all the better because it is written by one who knows the city quite as advisedly as the country, and so can speak of the two successfully by way of contrast and comparison. Yet while the author aims to recite the praises of country life, he never seems to feel it necessary to underrate the advantages of the city in order to achieve his end. Thomas Lackland, whoever that may be, is a person whose reading has been fortunate for his book, for it has enabled him to grace its pages with many choice quotations, well quoted to the illustration of his various themes. It is almost as good as going into the country for a few days to read his pleasant little book.

Benedicite. Illustrations of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God as Manifested in his Works. By G. Chaplin Child, M.D. Two volumes in one. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.)—The title of this book will not at once suggest its character; but its fitness will at once appear when the author's object has been discovered. The "Benedicite" forms a part of the song of the "Three Holy Children," an apocryphal addition to the Book of Daniel, which has been incorporated with the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The object of this volume is to offer a series of illustrations of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God as they are suggested by the verses of the "Benedicite." These verses call upon the heavens and the earth, the showers and dew, winter and summer, frost and cold, etc., to praise the Lord. It includes in its inscriptions almost every form of organized life—vegetable, animal, and human life—together with the forces of the inanimate world, and furnishes a glorious text for a discourse on the perfection of the world. Dr. Chaplin has performed his task with a combined modesty and an enthusiasm that bespeak for him a generous perusal of his book. Making no claim to originality, it does not enter into the disputed questions of the times, and is thus saved from that *odium theologicum* which is so painfully characteristic of most books of this class. The spirit of the book throughout is excellent. It must not be thought that it is another book of natural theology, for it is not. It does not try to prove the existence of God from natural phenomena; but, taking it for granted, goes on to illustrate his attributes in many striking ways; and its author is not such a bigot that he cannot draw his illustrations from Darwin with as much confidence as if he were an accredited defender of the faith instead of an impartial seeker after truth. The author is apparently a member of the Established Church in England; but his work is not sectarian, and is calculated to afford pleasure and profit to all that read it in the spirit in which it has been written.

The Indigestions. By Thomas King Chambers, Honorary Physician to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, etc. (Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1867.)—There are few treatises upon subjects purely medical which can with advantage be put into the hands of the general reader. It is desirable, of course, that all should know something about the functions of the human organism, but few laymen get any satisfaction in reading about diseases, their symptoms, treatment, etc. We are disposed to make an exception, however, in favor of the work of Dr. Chambers on "The Indigestions." The author of this charmingly written book is one of the few medical writers able to present their ideas always in an agreeable and even an attractive form, and his mode of discussing the various causes of indigestion is philosophical and in the highest degree physiological, and conveys a kind of information interesting as well as useful to all. The chapters on indigestion of different alimentary articles and upon some of the causes of indigestion, such as eating too little, eating too much, sedentary habits, abuse of alcohol, tobacco, etc., would produce much good if they were generally studied. The mass of the people have yet to learn that the condition known under the name of dyspepsia is almost always produced by some flagrant and constant violation of physiological laws, and is to be relieved by removal of its exciting and predisposing causes and not by medication. Physicians, also, have much to learn in this regard; but the rising generation is becoming quite progressive, and medical men are more and more disposed to study and treat diseases from a physiological point of view. One great advantage in Dr. Chambers's book is that his physiological ideas are well up to the present condition of the science.

Treatment of Fractures of the Lower Extremity by the Use of the Anterior Suspensory Apparatus. By N. R. Smith, M.D., Professor of Surgery in the University of Maryland. (Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1867.)—This volume is not intended as a complete treatise upon fractures, but, as the

author states, it is rather an explanation and defense of his own peculiar views in relation to the mechanical treatment of fractures of the lower extremities. These views are not new, being essentially the same as those entertained by his distinguished father, Nathan Smith, of New Haven, and which were given to the public in a volume published in 1831. Up to this moment, however, the method of treatment recommended by these gentlemen has not been very generally accepted. Indeed, the prevailing opinion of surgeons has seemed to be that the treatment of broken thighs by "suspension" was only adapted to certain exceptional cases, and especially to certain examples of gunshot fractures. Dr. Smith has long occupied a position in which his opinions have commanded respect, and this book will be read with interest by American surgeons. To the young surgeon the speciousness of the arguments will, no doubt, often carry conviction; but to the older members of a profession so practical as surgery conviction only comes by seeing.

The Adventures of Sir Lyon Bouse. By the Author of the "New Gospel of Peace." (New York: American News Company.)—Sir Lyon Bouse is supposed to have visited this country during the civil war, and to have looked at us through the eye-glasses of a very British tourist. "I arrived in New York," he says, "on the 25th of November, 1861. Directly I landed I saw a mob. Just as I expected. They were armed with whips, and wore brass badges with numbers—signs of a secret association, I suppose. They shouted and yelled at us as we came off the ship, thus affording an evidence, before I was well ashore, of the American hatred of everything British." And so he goes on giving unprejudiced opinions of American men and manners, experiencing disgust at the lack of great and small game in Central Park, disagreeably surprised at the absence of conductors on the stages on Broadway, equally astonished and enraged at an attempt, on the part of an American sitting at the forward end of the stage, to rob him of six cents and share it with his accomplice on the box, and somewhat discontented because, though his note-book was ready, no tobacco was chewed by the Americans at the breakfast table of his hotel, and in every way disappointed and shocked. There are some sharp things in the book, which, by the way, is a small pamphlet with scarlet covers; and if any one enjoys hearing "You're another" said to the stupid-headed critic of American follies, he may find in this trifle half an hour's enjoyment of a certain sort.

St. Twel'mo; or, The Cuneiform Cyclopædist of Chattanooga. By C. H. Webb, author of "Lifflith Lank." (New York: C. H. Webb; American News Company. 1867.)—How much "St. Elmo" deserves ridicule and how hard it must have been to make an effective travesty of it sufficiently appear from this, that Mr. Webb has been able to incorporate with "St. Twel'mo" whole pages of "St. Elmo." His premeditated absurdities are so exactly in keeping with Miss Evans's unconscious silliness that only one who remembers "St. Elmo" would ever suspect in "St. Twel'mo" diversity of authorship—to use Mr. Webb's own joke, "a little Evans leaveneth the whole lump." We have not critically compared Mr. Webb's former burlesque with this one, but "St. Twel'mo" appears to us almost as amusing as "Lifflith Lank;" not quite as good, for to burlesque Miss Evans's book properly there would be necessary a far more protracted course of the "jim-jums" than that described by Mr. Webb in *Harper's* the other day, and we can hardly require a humorist to make *delirium tremens* a habit, even for the sake of getting on a level with the ravings of Miss Evans. A good deal of Mr. Webb's fun is aimless, as fun ought to be, but in his serious use of it he does a service to the cause of sense in literature—a service which, if he likes, he can vastly increase—that entitles him to thanks.

Christie's Faith. (Harpers.)—A fair novel, as novels go. Scene in London, partly in middle, mainly in low life; plot constructed with considerable skill; characters in good contrast, but both false to nature in many particulars, especially, perhaps, the character of the aunt and that of Teddy; dialogue lively enough, but much of its expression is quite too fine for its grade of life; descriptions somewhat diffuse. The story will interest, however, by the incidents of its plot and the vivacity of its characters.

Recent Reproductions.—In "Maga Social Papers," as in the preceding volume of his Railway Classics, Mr. Putnam shows the excellence of his judgment. He has selected fifteen articles from *Putnam's Monthly*, all of which are entertaining, and few not instructive. The colored race is well treated, having assigned to it an essay on "African Proverbial Philosophy," and another on "Negro Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." The latter has a permanent value, and we regard its resurrection as very timely. It may profitably be read in conjunction with Mr. Higginson's "Spirituals," in the June *Atlantic*.

So long as diamond print is to be used by our publishers, they can scarcely employ it better than has been done by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in their complete edition of the "Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." They are all there—the verses which have made his name house hold in England above even native poets—excepting only and of course the translation of Dante. But the five sonnets expressive of his feelings while engaged upon this life-labor are there. And last of all is placed the clattering Christmas carol called "Noël," which reminds the reader that Mr. Longfellow was once professor of modern languages and belles-lettres.

Of the various editions of Dickens which have occasioned so much controversy we cannot pretend to speak singly as each volume appears, but rather once for all. The Globe edition of Hurd & Houghton recommends itself in every respect except its bulk; the Ticknor & Fields Diamond, on the other hand, is dangerously fine in print, and ought properly to be a reference edition, rather than a pocket companion, in these days when everybody reads in the cars. The Peterson edition has a familiar look that compensates, perhaps, for its unpretending typography, and is well enough bound in green cloth to suit almost any library.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writer on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

HORACE GREELEY AND JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE expressions of feeling called forth by Mr. Greeley's performances at Richmond last week have been sufficiently strong and sufficiently numerous to warrant us in saying that, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Mr. Greeley's motives, there is none at all as to the repulsiveness and inexpediency of his conduct. The majority of the Republican papers ascribe his appearance as Davis's first bondsman to a love of notoriety which has been growing on him for some years, and which now finds expression in one way and now in another. They appear to think that, having achieved as an editor all the distinction within his reach, he sighs for the possession of some odder title to fame, and wants to connect his name with some startling political monstrosity, or "curiosity," as his friend Barnum would call it; that he has the craving for participation in any character in practical life by which so many men of eminence as thinkers and scholars have been afflicted, and not being able to secure it in the ordinary conventional channels, seeks it through the "sensational." Others explain his course by ascribing it to still loftier and more daring ambition, and support their theory by an elaborate and highly entertaining analysis of his character, which we have neither the space nor the inclination to reproduce. The examination of men's motives is a difficult and delicate task, which even the most skilful hand can hardly perform without doing injustice, and it is tolerably certain that no revelations which the chemists of any party are likely to make about Mr. Greeley's mental or moral composition shake the faith of the farmers in him. Partly owing to his long and unshaken devotion to the great principle of freedom, partly to the plainness, directness, and bluntness of his style, and partly to the innocent expression of his face, he has secured a hold upon the confidence of the agricultural population which nothing short of downright betrayal of the cause to which his life has been devoted will weaken, so that even a large proportion of those who are most disgusted by his kindness to Jefferson Davis will not ascribe it to low motives. He might do worse things than this and yet find himself popular in the "unpaved districts."

But we do not need to show that in bailing Jefferson Davis he was actuated by any purely selfish motives in order to prove him guilty of that kind of blunder which, when committed by a man in his position, deserves almost as severe punishment as if it were a piece of sheer baseness. He would and probably will defend himself by saying that the first necessity of the country at the present moment is peace and reconciliation, that Davis was no more guilty than the rest of the rebels, that the war was in reality only a rough mode of deciding between two contending principles, that no good purpose can now be served by punishing anybody, and that the sooner we can lead the South to forgive and forget, the better will it be for all parties, and that there is no better mode of doing this than having a prominent anti-slavery man like himself help to get the chief of the rebellion restored to liberty.

Now, this is a statement of just half the truth. The restoration of peace and harmony between North and South is no doubt of great importance, but the means taken to secure it is of just as great importance. If there be anything which the press, the pulpit, the prayers, the hymns, the speeches, the conversations of the North have been emphatic in affirming during the last six years, it is that the late war was not merely a contest for empire, as Earl Russell called it, not merely a struggle to settle a political difference, but a struggle between moral right and moral wrong. It was on this special ground that the invectives hurled against France and England were justified. These countries were told over and over again, that were the war simply a war for the Union we should neither ask nor expect their sympathy. It was not to be expected that they should greatly care whether the North

American continent was covered by one political organization or by two. To Frenchmen and Englishmen the American flag from a purely political point of view was no more than the Brazilian or Paraguayan flag.

We took far higher than political ground. We said that the rebellion was an immoral enterprise, conceived and carried out not by mistaken men, but by bad and unscrupulous men, animated by corrupt and selfish motives, and determined to gain their ends at whatever cost or suffering to others. We said, too, that not only was the enterprise immoral, but that the means deliberately employed to ensure its success were inconceivably wicked, and involved the commission of the foulest crimes—perjury, treason, murder, and robbery. Nowhere has the deliberate villainy of the Confederate leaders been more uproariously exposed than in the columns of *The Tribune*, and in fact it is this very villainy which has been always used by Mr. Greeley as a reply to the statement that the South voluntarily seceded from the Union, which he has always maintained stoutly she had a right to do.

It was, therefore, not solely because the South sought to leave the Union, but because she sought to leave it by vile means, for vile ends, that we invoked the sympathy of the civilized and enlightened world for the North. We said justice and humanity and truth, and not the Union only, were at stake in our struggle, and that the place of all good men, whatever their political creed might be, was on our side. If anybody wants proof of all this, let him take up the files of *The Tribune* during the last six years, and read the leading articles. The struggle being now over, Mr. Greeley sets us the example of going to the South not to relieve the sufferings of our late enemies—for this as Christians we are bound to do; nor yet to assure them of forgiveness and peace—for of this everybody sees the wisdom; but of testifying to them, by unasked and officious politeness, by offer of aid in escaping the legal consequences of their transgressions, by, in short, the usual marks of sympathy, esteem, and respect—for this is what is meant by bailing a man out of jail when you have no personal acquaintance with him, and he neither asks nor needs your aid—that there has been nothing in their conduct to offend our consciences or lower them morally in our estimation. In other words, when Horace Greeley went down to put his name on Davis's bond, he said to all the world, "I, the most prominent representative of Northern feeling and opinion, who have had, perhaps, a larger share than any other man in bringing about the struggle which has just terminated, do hereby declare that my opinion of you, Jefferson Davis, is higher than ever it was; that I see in you simply an unfortunate enemy; that I look on your course during the past four years, your slaughterings, starvings, hangings, your spoliation, your railings and threatenings, as simply parts of the process for settling an honest difference of opinion; that you have done nothing and said nothing and sought nothing which a good and pure and high-minded man might not do and say and seek; and that the denunciations of you and your cause on moral grounds with which the Northern press, and my own paper the foremost, have been filled during the war, were all gammon, the wretched, frothy rhetoric, 'all sound and fury, signifying nothing,' which we editors make our living by producing and selling; that when Northern preachers prayed for God's blessing on our arms they prayed for the divine interposition in a game of pitch and toss, in which the right was on neither side; and that when Northern young men went out to fight, as they believed, for something nobler and holier still than either flag or country or laws, they fought and died under a sentimental delusion. You and I are too old to be humbugged in this way; as 'practical men,' we know that in cases of this kind the masses have to be kept up to the fighting by fine words, but that war is simply a means of settling the construction of legal instruments, and that when all is over nothing is more natural than that the leaders should embrace, as you and I do, over the fresh graves and amidst the ruined homes."

We have, as our readers know, opposed all forms of persecution of the South. We have objected to confiscation and to the infliction of every other penalty not clearly called for to secure peace and good order. But, then, we believe in the existence of such a thing as national dignity, national self-respect, and national conscience; and we say that

a decent regard for these things makes Mr. Greeley's performances at Richmond—all except his speech, which was able and sensible—simply detestable, and calls for a more emphatic reprobation than they have yet received, although we have no doubt whatever as to the intensity of the disgust with which the public generally regards them. No man could in private life go on for years accusing another of fraud and perjury and pursuing him with the utmost rigor of the law, and then, when he had got judgment against him, invite him to his own house and treat him as a valued friend, without degrading and debasing himself—and what we need, of all things, is the application to the national conduct of the rules of honor and decorum which regulate the conduct of men in private life. None of us dare offer as an excuse for taking a criminal to our bosom the excuse which Mr. Greeley offers in effect for fraternizing with Davis, that there was more money to be made or comfort to be enjoyed in this way than by marking in our demeanor towards him our opinion of his morals. Mercy we might show him; assistance in rescuing him from suffering we might offer; but those marks of esteem and confidence which are reserved for honorable misfortune we dare not bestow on him; morality, justice, and decency would forbid it. Of the value of these feelings in the conduct of national life, in keeping alive the public conscience, in cherishing a healthy public opinion for the support of the law, the preservation of a high standard of public and private morality, of a high sense of the worth of character Mr. Greeley appears to have no conception, nor, we are sorry to say, have a very large proportion of the loudest bellowers amongst our reformers. It is this which accounts in part for the worship of such heroes as P. T. Barnum, because he happens to be an anti-slavery or temperance man, and for the practice of applying the foulest epithets to and accusing of the most disgraceful conduct men whom the revilers and accusers meet the next day and salute with as much cordiality as if nothing had happened. Nobody who knows how strong is the reflex action of language and of conduct on mind, can doubt that the prevailing tendency to treat moral offences as matters which ought not materially to affect our intercourse with those who commit them, and to treat our own denunciations of them as so much rhetoric and nothing more, helps to make our sense of right and wrong somewhat less acute, and to lower our estimate of what we owe to our own honor. It is not very long since a notorious embezzler of the public funds was entertained on his return from an exile which he had passed as a fugitive from justice, by a company which included a high officer of police and the chief-justice of a court of record. Similar examples of the same debased and debasing indifference to the effects of crime on character, and to the desirableness of supporting in our conduct the lofty doctrines which we all spout from platforms or publish in books or newspapers, may every day be witnessed; but Mr. Greeley has achieved the distinction of offering the world one of the most striking and very conspicuous of them all.

ARMY REFORM IN ENGLAND.

THE one thing certain about the English Reform Bill seems to be that it will be passed in any shape the majority of the House desires. There is apparently no amendment which Mr. Disraeli will not accept if forced upon him. For instance, he held very tenaciously to the clause exacting two years' residence as a qualification for the franchise in boroughs, and when an amendment was threatened by Mr. Gladstone some weeks ago reducing it to one year, Mr. Disraeli issued a circular to his supporters informing them that this clause was of "vital importance," and that if it were modified he could not go on with the bill. When, however, the amendment was carried, he very coolly accepted it, though after a night's consideration, and when asked how he reconciled this course with the circular treated it as a good joke. So that it is now certain that he has no policy whatever, and that the only duty which he considers himself engaged in is the formal carriage of the bill through the House. Evidently nothing in it is "vital" as far as the ministry is concerned, and the debates begin to lose a good deal of the interest when it is known that no division will affect the position of the ministry. The probabilities are that either the personal payment of the rates will be given up or all

"compound householders" will be abolished, so as to remove Mr. Gladstone's strong objection as to inequality of qualification.

The public attention in England, therefore, begins every day to be more and more turned from the question of reform to the questions with which a reformed Parliament will be expected to deal, and they are now cropping up in the present Parliament with ominous frequency. Foremost amongst these is the condition of the army. Recruits are every year getting scarcer and scarcer, and it is generally acknowledged that the force is inferior to every other in Europe in every element of efficiency except courage. The rank and file are drawn from the dregs of the population, and the officers are selected from the upper classes, undergo no preliminary training, and purchase their promotion. The reformers ask first of all for the abolition of flogging, and have succeeded after a hard fight in the present Parliament in having fifty made the maximum number of lashes, and the punishment itself restricted to two or three of the worst offences. In the reformed Parliament it will probably be struck from the Mutiny act without delay.

Next comes the mode of appointing and promoting the officers, and this is a political even more than a military question. The kind of army the Liberals want is a middle-class army, like the first standing army which existed in England—that of Cromwell—an army in which the ranks were filled by young farmers, shopkeepers, and mechanics, and the officers were men who won their grades in the ordinary way, by courage or skill, or both. This was the kind of army with which the Parliament won its battles, and which the Protector brought to a degree of perfection in drill, discipline, and armament never witnessed previously in Europe except amongst the Spaniards. It was, of course, disbanded at the Restoration, and the foundation of the present military régime was then laid. The new army was officered by "gentlemen," country squires or their sons, and the ranks were filled by their serving men, dependents, and lewd fellows of the baser sort from the great towns; and to keep this blackguard crew in order, discipline of extraordinary severity was resorted to: flogging with "the cat," the number of lashes being left to the discretion of the courts-martial, was instituted; the drill and internal economy of the regiment were committed in a great measure to the non-commissioned officers, and a line of demarcation was drawn between the officers and men such as has never been seen in any other country. As all places in the government service were then salable, military commissions became salable too; and although William III, who was horrified by the practice, made a desperate effort to abolish it, it was too powerful for him, and has survived to this day.

At that time also, and in the foregoing circumstances, originated the idea which to this hour is the foundation of the English military system—that the army is not a profession, requiring a man's sole and undivided attention, but what may be called "a light occupation" for men of some fortune and leisure, in which they will enjoy select society of their own set, and not be required to sink their gentlemanhood in "the shop." The rate of pay and the mode of life have all been arranged in accordance with this theory, and even promotion has been made a matter of purchase, the richest men rising invariably to the highest regimental positions. That the British army has acquitted itself as well as it has done is, perhaps, one of the most wonderful proofs in existence of the great qualities of the race; but, as might be expected, its great exploits are actually cited by some of the Tory orators as proofs of the value of the purchase system, just as so many other abuses have been defended by pointing out how the nation has thriven in spite of them. To put the army still more completely into the possession of the oligarchy, too, another grand absurdity has been perpetrated, that of having it governed by a commander-in-chief, exempt from responsibility to Parliament, instead of a minister of war sitting in the House of Commons. There is a minister of war, it is true, but then the commander-in-chief is independent of him, and, within the limits of the Mutiny act, may snap his fingers at him, and the commander-in-chief is always a man of aristocratic connections and devoted to the existing system. If he showed the slightest taint of liberalism, the place would be made too hot for him, and yet not a word of it would get into the newspapers. The present incumbent is the Duke of Cambridge, who is usually referred to in the House of Commons as "the illustrious Duke." He has been in one fight, Inkermann, in which he broke

down, wept, and went home soon after a sadder and somewhat wiser man. But his value is incontestable, as his rank is so high that none of the numerous military cliques can bully him.

What the reformers now want is an army like that of the Commonwealth, with the pay so good and prospects so fair and punishments of such a nature that respectable young men of the middle and working classes may be induced to enter it, dismissal from which would be, as it is now in the Life Guards and in the Irish Police, and as it was amongst the Sepoys in India, a disgrace and punishment, and in which commissions would, as in France, be divided between pupils of military schools and deserving non-commissioned officers, and in which promotion would be partly by seniority and partly by merit; in other words, a democratic army. How hard a fight they are likely to have, however, may be judged from the fact that not only has the old *régime* that mysterious but tremendous force called in England "good society" at its back—a force which can almost arrest the administration of justice when it is fully exerted—but there is a sum of nearly thirty-five million dollars invested in commissions by the actual holders of them. Yet the question is the foremost question of reform, and must now be solved. It involves not only a most important branch of internal economy, but the position of England in Europe and the future of her colonial empire. The present military system is confessedly useless for anything but a policy strictly defensive, and contains no provision for the contingency of a sudden difference with a first-class power; besides which, the army has acquired an importance it never had before, from the fact that England's maritime supremacy has disappeared before the recent changes in the instruments of naval warfare.

The military and naval force may be said to be the only instrument of government which the aristocracy did not surrender to the middle classes in 1832, and to the possession of it the former doubtless owes a large portion of its prestige. Nothing fairly killed the French aristocracy but the proofs afforded by the war of the Revolution that hostlers and linen-drapers could command regiments and win battles. Once Soult and Murat and Junot had been seen chasing the finest troops in Europe from hard-fought fields, the value of the *gentilhomme* as a soldier—the one thing on which he prided himself—was gone. So there is now in England a kind of superstition, which the upper classes do all they can to foster, that the leading of soldiers is the proper business of "gentlemen," and that there is something inherently absurd in a man of "low connections" attempting such a thing; and how much the prevalence of this feeling has to do with the political supremacy of the aristocracy has, we think, never been fairly estimated. Once destroy this feeling by showing what a democratic army, even of Englishmen, can do in the field, and the political prestige of birth and rank would receive a blow such as nothing else could give it, and such as many people, the late Mr. Cobden amongst the number, have thought it impossible for anything to give it.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTION AND THE GOVERNMENT OF OUR GREAT CITIES.

As the government of New York City will form, we suppose we may say the most important part of the task before the coming Constitutional Convention, and as the work of this convention will furnish, as that of its predecessor did in 1846, a model to ever so many other States, we sincerely trust that its members will divest themselves at the outset of the delusion, which the Democratic press is so fond of preaching, that localities, whether cities, towns, or villages, have a "natural right" to self-government, and that the interference of the whole community in their concerns is a sort of usurpation.

No political term has been more abused than the term "municipal independence." We have inherited it from Europe, and with it some of the fallacies which in Europe have grown up about it. The history of the idea that there is, as against the state at large, something sacred about local government, would prove a most interesting and instructive study, and would, if it were in existence just now, render us a good deal of service. The earliest states in the western world were simply cities. The Greek states were all originally cities, and Grecian

history is the history of the attempts of some cities to preserve their independence as against others. Rome was a city, and the spread of the empire in the ancient world consisted mainly, at least in Europe, in the absorption of cities, or rather their subjugation, for their self-government for local purposes was not touched. The city organizations survived the downfall of the empire, and they derived fresh strength and importance during the feudal times from the fact that, being surrounded by walls, they were the only spots in Europe in which life or property was tolerably secure. The rest of the country was given up to highway robbers called barons and knights. Even after the feudal aristocracy had been overthrown and the great consolidated monarchies began to be formed, the towns were the only refuge of industrial and mental activity, and the only places in which the forms of political freedom were kept alive. Not unnaturally, therefore, there grew up the feeling that the city was a sacred political unit, and was not to be meddled with, transformed, or reformed by any power outside.

At the settlement of this country local self-government was not unnaturally made the basis of the political system, but the reason was the expediency of the thing. As a general rule, localities are best governed by their own inhabitants; but, besides the expediency of the thing, Americans imported the European tradition of "natural right," and it is now preached vigorously as part and parcel of the Democratic creed, although in our state of society it is a sheer absurdity. The inalienable right of New York or Buffalo to govern itself, well or ill as it pleases, would be a very fine and invaluable doctrine if outside the city limits there was a grasping monarch or plundering aristocracy; but the pretension, when set up against the people of the State, a quiet, peace-loving, order-loving, liberty-loving body, whose interest in the prosperity and good government of the great towns is almost as great as that of the inhabitants themselves, is simply ridiculous.

Our political unit is the State. We have never had any other. The State sovereignty lies in the people of the whole State and nowhere else. It is not and cannot be parcelled out amongst towns or cities any more than among individuals. The city of New York is, before all things, a piece of State territory. Every right, privilege, and emolument it possesses is the free gift of the State, and the only good reason for bestowing it is expediency—common everyday expediency. The ninety-five thousand voters of this city have no more divine right to govern themselves than Thomas Smith has to reign supreme in his own garden. It has been found by experience that the affairs of towns are best managed in most cases by the inhabitants of them, and, therefore, towns are allowed to govern themselves as far as possible. If it were found, however, that local government did not work well, it would be the duty of the State to put an end to it. "National right" has no more to do with the matter than the nebular hypothesis.

If the members of the convention will only clear this matter up thoroughly, lay fast hold of the principle of expediency, and clear their theories of mediæval cobwebs, they will go to their work with double chance of success. If they go to it encumbered with political superstitions and the old clap-trap and fallacies which have done duty on a thousand stumps, they will probably make a bad failure and drag us all down to destruction. It must not be forgotten that in the opinion of a great many thoughtful men we are on our last legs, and if something cannot be done to improve our political tone and brace up our system we shall come to irremediable grief. Moreover, it cannot be too often repeated that the New York convention does not sit for this State alone. It is to draw up a constitution for this State, but it will supply principles to the whole Union, because it is the first to revise and pass judgment upon the great Democratic experiment of the last twenty years. It is most important to the success of democracy everywhere that it should not be, and should not appear to be, tied up by any theory whatever, or that there is any article in its creed except the one that all power comes from the consent of the governed, and that all governments should be carried on through freely and frequently elected representatives.

We propose to say something hereafter about the various plans for dealing with the problem of municipal government.

BURNT SHIPS.

O Love, sweet Love, who came with rosy sail
And foaming prow across the misty sea ;
O Love, brave Love, whose faith was full and free
That lands of sun and gold, which could not fail,
Lay in the west—that bloom no wintry gale
Could blight, and eyes whose love thine own should be,
Called thee, with steadfast voice of prophecy,
To shores unknown :

O Love, poor Love, avail
Thee nothing now thy faiths, thy braveries ;
There is no sun, no bloom ; a cold wind strips
The bitter foam from off the wave where dips
No more thy prow ; the eyes are hostile eyes ;
The gold is hidden ; vain thy tears and cries ;
O Love, poor Love, why didst thou burn thy ships ?

THE DIGNITY OF HISTORY.

If we are to believe Mr. Carlyle, not the very Father of Lies himself could be a really first-rate historian. He, and only he of created beings, would have the necessary knowledge ; all that the family of Adam have ever been and ever done through all the generations he would know ; the sum-total of human experience he would have under his hat, as you may say, the nullities, inanities, everlasting verities and all—to put it briefly, he would be as nobody else could be, provided with the proper store of examples. The Wandering Jew whom Mr. Carlyle specifically mentions could obviously be acquainted with the doings of only a part of the race, and with them only for a matter of eighteen centuries, and he being out of the count, all mere ordinary men are *a fortiori* out of the count. But even Lucifer would probably fail of perfection as a historian when the question was of the requisite philosophy to teach properly by the examples in his possession. And though he were not to miss on this point, still he would undoubtedly come short and fail to "fill the bill" which Mr. Carlyle sends in to the ideal. For the Perfect in History to prove himself such and satisfy Mr. Carlyle must be the *can-ning* man who is able to reduce the verities to practice, who can live history for others to write, and embody his philosophy in the daily example of a perfect walk and conversation. For that business Mr. J. S. C. Abbott or anybody else is as good as Satan himself, probably better. From all which it appears that the ideal historian is a personage of very great dignity. And we may with all cheerfulness promise to give him, when he arrives, our most distinguished consideration ; plainly he will deserve it all, and the payment can probably be staved off for several generations. But the actual historian we have here among us ; he, as we know, may be Mr. Abbott, or Sir Archibald Alison, or M. Thiers, or anybody else, and it stands us in hand to be wisely incredulous and intractable when we hear him asserting the claim of his occupation and himself to superior dignity and consequent respect.

Really, the historian is a reporter. Leaving aside the matter of amusement, we do not know how the actual writer of history has been of any considerable service to his fellow-creatures except as a collector and chronicler of facts. He has always, or, at any rate, very often, attempted to be something more than this—he has been largely a fabulist ; he has dealt freely in inferences—indeed, more of his shockingly bad reputation for veracity is owing to well-meant endeavors at reasoning than is owing to his lies, pure and simple—he has philosophized ; he has been an orator and very often a rhetorician, but he has been of use to mankind solely, or almost solely, for his facts. A great part of what little value inheres in his inferences, philosophy, and what not, consists in their usefulness for purposes for which he did not intend them, as when, to make one example serve for a million, we get a fact relative to Roman superstition from the veracious tale in Livy of the clouds raining blood. So that even as a poet or a fabulist "Mr. Bos-locutus-est," as Mr. Charles Reade calls him, does duty as a reporter. For that matter, what is Clio herself but the Proclaimer or the Reporter ?

And ages ago, when the reporter was a rare creature, it was natural enough that he should plume himself on his superiority over the non-reporting part of mankind. Even there has been in the annals of most nations a period when he might have been pardoned for feeling all the pride of the dodo ; when, for anything he knew, the species might with him become extinct. And, by-and-by, when the barbarian ceased to burn town and monastery, the period of the toga set in, and the historian discovered his pedigree and got himself a muse. But the airs of dignity which were due to the rarity of reading and writing in any language, and after-

wards to the greater rarity of reading and writing in the dead languages, and to the slavish reverence with which the Ancients were regarded, are not for consideration here. They were put on by the apothecary who wrote his prescriptions in Latin, and perhaps by the divine poet who prostrated himself before Virgil as a philosopher, and Statius as a poet, and were in no way peculiar to the historian. His claim is a claim to pre-eminence among his fellows, and has other foundations. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of a class of writers once held in honor, and very numerous, though their best days are perhaps over, but we suppose the true theory of the historian's proverbial dignity is that which bases it on the fact that the political historian, who has stood forward as the historian, has for a long time been a reporter at service—a sort of a Jenkins in attendance upon kings and other great ones of the earth—whereby, as has been observed in the case of the private man's flunkie, he has put on all the state of the master whom he has been serving. The historical Jenkins has so long followed kings and queens on royal progresses, and courtiers up and down the back-stairs of palaces, and ambassadors to foreign realms, and generals to the field, and has seen so much of royal births, deaths, and marriages, and of the rise of favorites and of the promulgation of statutes, of the engrossing of treaties, and a myriad other imposing things, that it is no wonder that his manners have become excessively oppressive, that he forgets our common humanity, and that he, after all, is only Jenkins, and, in his best estate, only a more or less honest and intelligent reporter.

For a great many generations he has been absurdly oblivious of his real relation to the rest of his literary brethren and to the world at large, and we suppose—and again we say that we have no desire to speak except with all due respect,—we suppose that there is something of the old spirit discernible in a letter of Mr. Bancroft's to a gentleman who wished to show him that he had committed an error of fact in his last published volume. Mr. Bancroft seemed to be taking some considerable thought for the dignity of history, and apparently holds that only sincere personal friendship for the doubter can justify the historian in lowering that dignity so far as to attend to grave doubts cast upon his statements. "Were it anybody else," he says, "but one like you, for whom I cherish a sincere regard, I might decline anything that could lead to a private discussion of questions appertaining to history."

Now, of course, there are various reasons any one of which may serve for a historian who is averse to a private discussion of his statements. If he knows them to be true he may well enough save himself the bother of private attack and rejoinder, and remit the party aggrieved to his remedy in a pamphlet. But it is an amusing proof of the tenacity with which old notions cling to life to find a historian nowadays pleading the dignity of history as an effectual bar against answering charges of inaccuracy in presenting facts, or against answering charges of any kind. History has no dignity. "Historic truth," as the Emperor Louis Napoleon says,—"historic truth ought to be no less sacred than religion"; to which assertion it is quite probable that we give our assent. But it is instructive to recollect that the author of it immediately proceeded to write the "History of Julius Caesar." And beginning with Herodotus and coming down to Headley and Towle, in what one of the histories is one to find the sacred historic truth ? Scattered bits of it, no doubt, he will find here and there ; a little of it in the very worst and silliest of them. The most measureless liars, as Dr. Johnson said, tell more truth than intentional falsehood ; but the most of what historic truth we have in regard to the past doings of our race, the most of what light is shed upon the path by which we have travelled from our original acorns to the civilization of to-day, the most, in short, of what we know as facts in regard to the life of man on earth, it is notorious that this has been got not from histories so called but from a thousand other less pretentious sources, from fragments of poetry, from plays, from bits of pottery, from inscriptions on broken stones, from letters of love or of trade or of friendship, from books of travels, from files of old newspapers, from records of commerce, from anything and everything, one might almost say, except what historians have seen fit to write. We would not speak of the reporter as if it were a small thing to be a reporter, for surely there is no harder thing to do and no more useful thing than to observe accurately and report with exact truth. But it is not this sort of honor which historians have most eagerly sought, and it is not upon this that they found their claim to pre-eminent dignity. If it were, could we not conceive of Mr. Bancroft, for instance, eagerly snatching at any opportunity, whether a friend offered it or an enemy, to get the least additional light on any point in his narrative ? With the true dignity of history this would have been perfectly consonant, however inconsistent it might seem with that mock dignity which once hedged the historian as well as the king in whom he delighted.

If it is true, then, that history is valuable to man for what truth it gives

him, for what facts in the story of man's life it tells him, and that hitherto its attempts to do more than this have been failures, then it seems clear that the sacredness and dignity of history belong not to any actual history or historian, but to the ideal historian for whom we wait, and that they may best be left unappropriated till the arrival of that faultless monster. And if what is called history could not save a historian of our day from the absurdity of arrogating to himself the judge's place, the history of historians, one would suppose, might. Our friend Livy had to wait, to be sure, about seventeen centuries for his Niebuhr; but at last Livy was reduced to his facts. Mitford and Gifford—we pretend to preserve no chronological order; any names in the whole list are serviceable as examples—vanished away before Grote, who, comparatively speaking, told the truth and was not a blind partisan; Plutarch was and is a great name, but nowadays we read him as we drink liqueurs, partly for the pleasure of taste and partly for the unnatural exaltation that follows; Gibbon has to submit to a review from Guizot; Hume, Robertson, Voltaire, who regards them? Surely the saying of Mendoza ought to be the motto of the fraternity of historians. "One day," says the Spaniard, "is master of another; and whatsoever is written to-day, there will be somebody who will know more to-morrow."

It is, as we suppose, to a perception of the truth that historians have attempted vastly more than they have been able to perform that we owe the division of labor that has partly been effected, and that will yet be wholly effected, in this field of human endeavor. The tendency, getting stronger yearly, is to let the philosophy of history be extracted by philosophic minds, perhaps not particularly well fitted, and at any rate upon which it shall not be imposed, to collect facts from original sources nor to dispose them in the ordinary narration. These two branches of the work can be done by the numberless sorts of historians, pure and simple, from the historian of literature down to the historian of the cotton manufacture. This latter is the reporter, and his glory shall be to tell the truth of facts. The ornate, high-flying, pictorial, over-dignified historian, with his theories and his admirations and whims and the rest of his clatter, can do articles for magazines.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 3, 1867.

THE Easter vacation is over, and the political struggle is beginning again. It is really very difficult to catch the exact meaning of the incidents of a warfare carried on with so little sincerity by a great majority of the combatants on both sides, for it is impossible to say whether any particular action is contested with *bona fides* or is a mere sham fight. Thus, the Conservatives won a triumph just before the vacation, in which they had apparently changed places with the Liberals and were going for household suffrage against a narrower franchise. Mr. Gladstone appeared in his worst character as a leader; from his love of intellectual intricacy he allowed himself to accept the issue in a form in which it was unintelligible to the country and his party; and when, as a natural result, he was beaten, he allowed himself to display the feminine sensitiveness which so often interferes with his powers of command. He wrote a letter which was intended to frighten his followers into obedience, but which might be interpreted as a resignation of his post as leader: although this interpretation seems to have been groundless, it resulted in a temporary disorganization of the party. Deprived of Mr. Gladstone's authority, they seemed to be delivered over almost helplessly to their opponents. The first division, however, of the session again turns the tables. The Liberal party voted for lowering the term of residence necessary for obtaining a vote from two years to one, and carried their proposal by a majority of no less than eighty. What the result will be remains to be seen; at present it seems doubtful whether Mr. Disraeli has not been too clever by half; he has offered the tempting name of household suffrage with the intention of neutralizing his gift by cunning restrictions; he may be caught in his own trap and compelled to allow the extension without the restrictions. The only difficulty is that many of his opponents are as insincere as himself, and would shrink from the actual concession of the gift which they affect to demand. The play of the opposite parties is not a very edifying spectacle, and I can only hope that their mutual cheating of each other may somehow turn out for the good of the public. "When rogues fall out"—but the proverb is something musty.

The vacation now ending has been marked by the appearance of two or three new newspapers in London. To start a newspaper is one of those experiments which seems to have irresistible attractions in spite of extreme risks. Feeble periodicals are constantly appearing, leading a half-starved life for a few weeks, and, after changing hands two or three times, dropping into an early grave. It is a long time, however, since any daily morning newspaper has been started in London. The abolition of the stamp duty

gave an impulse to the penny papers, which at the time were languishing, and enabled them to survive and even to flourish. *The Telegraph*—the "Penny Thunderer," as it is called, from its resemblance to *The Times* on a small scale—is now a great success and has made the fortune of its proprietors. *The Standard*, the Tory organ, also pays well; and *The Star*, Mr. Bright's organ, which has the smallest circulation of the three, is also said to be beginning to be profitable. For several years it was kept alive as a party organ, but scarcely paid as a commercial speculation. These three have long had the field to themselves. They are now threatened with competition by a new rival called *The Day*. *The Day* is the organ of Lord Grosvenor and the Adullamite party, or, as it more euphoniously describes itself, of constitutional liberalism. Constitutional liberalism is to the common eye indistinguishable from ancient whiggism and is divided by exceedingly delicate shades from rank toryism; it is what Mr. Matthew Arnold would call the eminently Philistine party in politics. It finds out, as *The Times* did the other day, that the plan of purchasing commissions in the army is, "for practical purposes" (the regular Philistine dialect), the most admirable that has ever been invented; it believes in bulwarks against democracy and in the various checks and balances of our admirable constitution, and, in short, in all the enchanted whigggeries and shams and phantasms which Mr. Carlyle used to denounce. *The Day* has, as becomes its politics, plenty of money behind it, and, though not very well written, may perhaps succeed.

I do not know how it may be with you, but an English newspaper calculates for its chance of living upon attracting advertisements. *The Times*, it is commonly said, loses more the greater its circulation; that is, the threepence does not cover the expense of publication; but its enormous quantity of advertisements makes it a most valuable property, and of course, if the circulation were known to fall off, the advertisements would disappear also. Hence the question is whether *The Day* or any freshly launched journal can live through the first year or two with scanty means of floating until it can push through the early shallows into the deep waters of advertisements.* *The Pall Mall Gazette*, I am happy to say, seems to be accomplishing this object successfully, for it is really the best written and fairest of all our daily papers. There were many novelties about it, which made many people augur ill of its success; in fact, it was generally expected to die an early death; but its gallant proprietor, Mr. Smith (of Smith, Elder & Co.), who had already made one of the greatest successes in periodical literature by successfully starting *The Cornhill Magazine*, never despaired, and has now achieved an undoubted success. I think that his performance is a fair topic of congratulation. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is written with much talent and takes a higher tone than most newspapers, and it is, on the whole, a really liberal paper. It is true that all papers written for the higher classes of English society are apt to take the rather cynical and sceptical tone of politics which is exhibited by *The Saturday Review*. They are written for people who are very comfortable and naturally object to any change in the state of things—for why should an English gentleman of good means want to see anything altered in the universe? So far as he is personally concerned everything is so pleasant that it had much better stay as it is. Now, for good or evil, such papers as *The Times*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Pall Mall Gazette* write for a class of society which is full of these thoroughly contented people, and they naturally suit their tone to their audience. There is often a curious contrast between the writers in these papers and the opinions expressed, which I hasten to add is not due to any actual dishonesty of the writers, though perhaps a stern moralist may consider them in some degree compromised. To take a single instance, I should guess, though I could not prove, that a decided majority of the writers in *The Saturday Review* were in favor of the Northern States during the late struggle; I am still more certain that a large majority of them incline to extremely liberal theological principles. But of course neither Northern sympathies nor free-thinking in theology would pay with the upper classes in England. Consequently such questions are committed to those writers whose way of thinking happens to coincide with that which is popular in the highest social state. *The Saturday Review* has another special cause of weakness in theological questions. Mr. Beresford Hope, the chief proprietor, is an extreme High Churchman; and as few intelligent men, and therefore few Saturday Reviewers, agree with him in this matter, the result is to neutralize the paper entirely. It sometimes sneers at the Evangelical party, and frequently sneers at religious belief generally, though in terms sufficiently covert to deceive the ordinary British public; but in most church matters it preserves an exceptional silence. *The Pall Mall Gazette* is in this respect very superior, and has had some very remarkable articles upon the theological questions of the day. Its tone in these matters

* It is since dead.—ED. NATION.

is, indeed, much in advance of the ordinary English creeds, and has sometimes rather shocked the squeamish part of its constituency.

I mention these details to show how far I believe it to be true that the leading newspapers represent English opinion. Undoubtedly the most common political hue of an educated Englishman is a kind of neutral tint, with a certain leaning in favor of what he believes to be genuine liberalism, but also with a very strong dread of democratic, revolutionary, and atheistic principles, which he holds to be closely connected, and to be great disturbers of proper peace and quiet. *The Times* and *The Telegraph* write for the upper and lower stratum of the great social mass in which this class of opinion flourishes, *The Times* being for those who can afford threepence and *The Telegraph* for those who can afford a penny. *The Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, again, write with rather more discretion for the most refined portion of the same class; and the trifling deviations from what I may call the regular platform are caused by certain individual peculiarities of the proprietors and editors of the papers. *The Times* used to be the one great English organ; it has very much declined in authority, and it is said to have declined in circulation, owing to the growth of the penny papers below and of the other papers mentioned above it. But substantially they all correspond to mere modifications of the same general body of opinion, which passes current with the great majority of Englishmen as unimpeachable political philosophy. *The Day* is an attempt to found an organ for a set of thinkers very slightly diverging from the common type, except that perhaps they have a rather greater aversion than most men to anything in the way of serious reform.

I have scarcely space to mention any of the other ventures which have been lately started. They are, indeed, of inferior interest. One to which I cannot help wishing well is *The Chronicle*, a new weekly paper, which is the organ of liberal Roman Catholics. The combination is, I fear, rather an unstable one in England; since by mere force of opposition most English Romanists are naturally driven into the Ultramontanist camp; but I am glad to see some more respectable organ of a large body of my fellow-countrymen than the virulent and, if I may say so, blackguard papers by which they have been hitherto represented. Indeed, if I were writing a history of the English press, I should have to say that our religious newspapers generally are by many degrees the most foul-mouthed, vulgar, and rancorous writings of the day. *The Record*, an evangelical organ, has an easy predominance in all these objectionable qualities; but they are all remarkable for narrow-mindedness and a total absence of Christian charity. I don't know whether these deficiencies are peculiar to English Christians, as represented by their periodical literature, or common to Christian literature all over the world, but here they are very strongly marked.

L. S.

Correspondence.

A FRENCH SKETCH OF A FRENCH GIRL.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

On reading your French sketch of an American girl, it struck me that a French girl from the American point of view might make an amusing picture. Then I recollect having once read a French sketch of a French girl which afforded a pretty good pendant to "Miss Mary"; so I thought of telling you where it might be found. But then again it occurred to me that the work might not be accessible to many of THE NATION's readers, as it is a book which (so to speak) no Puritan's library should be with. So I determined to give you a free abridgment of it from memory.

The hero, a gay young Parisian of fortune, who has been for several years doing what gay young Parisians commonly do, becomes *blasé*, and goes to visit a married sister in the country. His relations tell him he ought to marry. They have picked out a nice girl for him, a Mlle. Pelagie Quelquechose, an orphan brought up by her maiden aunt. The dower is good and the damsel is pretty. He is introduced to her at a party—tries to talk to her. Her conversation consists chiefly of "Yes, sir" and "No, sir;" indeed, she has not much more to say for herself than *Sir Oran Haut-ton*, the domesticated gorilla who figures in one of Peacock's queer novels. Nevertheless, as the dower is good and the girl is pretty, and he has nothing particular to do and everybody is worrying him to marry her, he consents. The proposal is made by his sister, and accepted by her aunt. He now sits by his betrothed at parties and dances with her, and is allowed to see her every day at home—in the presence of a third party. He attempts to get some more conversation out of her; she refers perpetually to "my aunt," who has told her not to do this or that. She moves about like an automaton, and looks no one in the face, not even her intended. "Lift up

your eyes, they are too beautiful to be hidden." "My aunt tells me to look down," and so forth.

He seems to think it a serious matter to unite himself to a woman for life (there is no divorce in France) without knowing something of her tastes, inclinations, sentiments, and character, and especially her feelings towards himself; therefore he requests the female plenipotentiaries to grant him a private interview with Pelagie. Absurd! indecent!! impossible!!! He persists, however, and carries his point. But Pelagie is the same doll in private that she was in public. "You did me the honor to accept me. Why?" "Because my aunt told me to." "Then you thought nothing about me when you first saw me, or till your aunt spoke of me?" A blank look. "Suppose I had been old and ugly and stupid and fat and lame, would that have made no difference?" "Well, sir, if my aunt told me." The starling-like refrain drives him nearly crazy; still, as the dower is good, etc., etc., he marries her. But as to how this demure damsel conducts herself after marriage let us be discreetly silent, for her biographer is M. Paul de Kock.

This time I am content to let the lions be their own painters. Taking the two just as they stand, I decidedly prefer Miss Mary to Mlle. Pelagie.

CARL BENSON.

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In *The American Freedman* of this month, in an editorial on the "Commission and its Work," I notice this expression with reference to the right of suffrage lately conferred upon the colored man:

"But the ballot is an edge tool. Whether with it he slay his foes or himself, will depend upon his knowledge how to use it."

The truth of this declaration was strikingly illustrated yesterday at the Republican county convention held in this city. The purpose of the convention was to choose delegates to the district convention, to nominate a candidate for Congress. The meeting was largely attended, and it was perfectly clear that an overwhelming majority of the freedmen present were in favor of the nomination of Judge Lawrence, superintendent of freedmen for this county; but the comparative ignorance of the colored people, and their want of familiarity with parliamentary usage, enabled a few well-trained politicians to subvert their will, and the probability is that our next representative to Congress will be one whom the leading Democratic paper here declares to be "thoroughly committed to the conservative platform."

The fact is, unless there is a much larger effort to educate the freedman, to the country at large his enfranchisement will be of no benefit. The leading politicians of the South have always been accustomed to manipulating the masses to suit their own views. Unfortunately, the Republican party is saddled with many of this class, who, while their loyalty may not be questioned, are for themselves "first, last, and all the time."

In New England, where public schools have taught the people to think freely, the aspirant for public office must come before them with a clear record, and his party with a platform of principles. There the mere demagogue stands but little chance. Here it is very different. There "the reason why" of the schools is ever at the front. Here it is at the rear as yet, simply because the North will not see that the safety of the republic depends upon the education of the multitude "armed with the ballot." The process of reconstruction will occupy a time sufficient to enable us to educate a generation. Here lies the gist of real reconstruction; not a patched-up sort of truce, but an intelligence which shall be a *future reliance*.

I take very little interest in politics generally. The result of the convention yesterday arrested my attention, it was such a striking confirmation of the plea of the educational commissions of the North for means to "lay broad and deep the foundation of a free-school system."

Yours, WM. F. MITCHELL.

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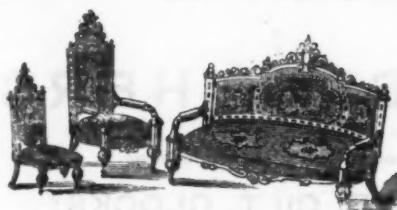
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AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
39	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
22	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Taylor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	3,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
24	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,000
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	8,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candler,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lins,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	2,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heimann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlisle, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,800
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emmanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
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